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THE MIDDLE AND THE FAR EAST

THE joint occupation of Iran provides Russia and Britain with a common frontier and links up the war in Asia with that in Europe and Africa. We discern a vast defensive frontier stretching from Singapore to West Africa; it includes Russia, China, India, the whole Middle and Near East, and stretches to Equatorial Africa. Its strength depends on the ability of Britain and Russia to defend themselves and to co-operate, and on the readiness of the United States to play a strong part, not only in the Atlantic, but also in the Far East.

The fighting in Iran has been mainly token resistance and it is to be hoped that it will be quickly over. The British have no desire to kill Persians. The legalities of the matter are of little importance. We have watched German tourists for long enough; for once Britain has forestalled Germany. That is really all that need be said about the rights and wrongs. Nazi penetration failed in Iraq because Raschid Ali and his band were clumsy tools and their coup was premature. It was more successful in Syria, where Vichy policy covered German occupation of the aerodromes and made it necessary to fight the French garrison. In Iran the tourists came as a supplement to the numerous Germans employed in the organisation of the road, rail and postal services, whose key positions made them an acute danger to the oilfields. In addition, Iran had been elaborately prepared by propaganda for German protection; and Reza Shah, whose record includes incidents of a cruelty unusual even among Oriental potentates, has apparently the dictator's natural sympathy with Fascism. Iran has not been "neutral": the choice of sides is no longer hers.

Iran's position was that of all lesser States in the path of the great aggressors. Either they become acquiescent protectorates like Denmark or Indo-China; or they resist and are conquered like Holland and Greece; or they are occupied by the Allies in order to anticipate Fascist expansion. The last alternative is the best from the point of view of the occupied nations. Whatever our past record of imperialist exploitation, Britain is not to-day brutal or thinking in terms of acquisition. In Syria the British and Free French came with bread for the people. In the jungle which the world is to-day, Britain represents the more sane and liberal forces of the world and she is pledged to restore freedom to Iran as to other small States.

The Middle Eastern States have a long historic memory of the march and counter-march of empires. They form the hub of the great wheel of the Eastern Hemisphere; round them revolve Europe, Asia, Africa. The Power which holds them can bar the roads south and east. They are themselves too hot and too arid easily to support large populations; the periods in which they have been able to stand up for themselves have been those in which strong governments have protected elaborate irrigation works. For the last few centuries they have been miserably poor. Iran is far the largest and potentially the most prosperous of the group, but in spite of the money brought into the country by oil exploitation, and the order imposed by the Shah, his army of some 150,000 men, does not count in a war between vast mechanised States.

The defensive strength of Persia lies in its great size, its absence of communications and the series of mountain ranges which corrugate it from north-west to south-east. The Russians have entered from the Caucasus, on the Tabriz road which runs to Teheran. The British came by way of Bandar Shapur, the Gulf port of the only railway which traverses the country to the Caspian; at Abadan, the oil-town near Basra, and at Khanikin, whence a metalled road runs by Hamadan to the Tabriz-Teheran road. Their objective must be to join the Russians there, but the distances are great and the movement and supply of mechanised troops very difficult. General Wavell, who is in charge of this campaign, from the Indian Command, is a specialist in this type of military operation.

The advantages to the Allies of commanding Iran will be great. It will supply a missing link of the chain which hems in Nazi advance from Russia through the Middle East to Equatorial Africa, and which ought to end not on the Bight of Benin, but at Dakar. It will offer a practicable route for supplying Russia, greatly preferable to Murmansk or Vladivostok, since goods conveyed by the railway to Bandar Shah can be shipped to the Russian lines at Baku or Krasnovodsk on either side of the Caspian. In any case, planes can be flown to Russia from Northern Mosul, which is a hop of only 150 miles over Persian territory at the shortest point.

The Iranian campaign has a direct bearing upon the position in

India. Firstly, it is being conducted from India, and Indian troops will be engaged in it. Secondly, it must impress Indians with the knowledge that the frontiers of the war are shifting into Asia; in the West in Iran, as in the East in Indo-China. They can no longer regard it academically as a conflict between equally tyrannous imperialisms. For Indian politicians are sophisticated people. They are perfectly aware that the little finger of either Germany or Japan would be thicker than the thigh of Britain. There are, it seems, many signs that the Indian people are growing increasingly interested in the war and somewhat bored with the internal disputes of Congress and the Muslim League. In any case, there is an opportunity to make a fresh start. If the British Government is wise it will seize this opportunity, offer larger concessions and responsibilities for the war effort to Indian leaders (who must be got out of gaol) and convince the greatest unit of the Commonwealth that our defence of democracy is genuine and includes India.

Still further east discussions are taking place between the United States and Japan. The subject matter of these discussions is not published. The Japanese, now firmly entrenched in Indo-China, threaten further advance both in the south and in Manchuria. They complain because American ships take oil to Vladivostock. The Russians brusquely reply that any interference with these shipments will be regarded as an "unfriendly act." Clearly, if they wish, the rulers of Japan can use this dispute, which is entirely of their own making, as an excuse for war with America, or Russia or with both. If, however, Japan desires to avoid war the present conversations are no doubt designed to give her an opportunity. In his broadcast Mr. Churchill went farther than Britain has ever gone in the past when he made it clear that we should fully support the United States if there was war in the Far East. At the same time he spoke of a "fair and amicable settlement" which would recognise Japan's "legitimate interests." These interests do not include the occupation of China; if Japan will discuss withdrawal, well and good. But we see no signs of any such mood in Tokio. Mr. Cordell Hull repeats the determination of the United States to maintain its policy of support for China and its refusal to recognise conquest by aggression. America has sent a military mission to Chungking (which must now be reduced almost to rubble by continuous air bombardment). Mr. Quo Tai-chi, the Chinese Foreign Minister, declares that he is sure that the United States will not desert its obligations to China. If he were quite sure, he would not have spoken.

The Home Front *(By an Industrial Correspondent)*

I expect we shall hear a lot more about the Trade Union delegate who has been fining his shipyard members for working overtime. This individual has already been given a good run in the press; and now he has found his way into the latest Report of the Committee on National Expenditure. Whoever he is (I have no knowledge of his identity) he appears to be a singularly powerful person. With a pretty wide experience of trade union practice, I have never met with a district official so powerful that he can fine the members of the Union off his own bat for working overtime, prohibit the introduction of a well-established technical process, and insist on the employment of an unnecessarily large squad of workers on the job. Surely this remarkable delegate is amenable to control by the Executive Council of the Union which employs him, and if he is really doing these things, there must be something behind his action beyond mere devilry on his part. The matter has now gone so far that it clearly must be sifted to the bottom. If there is really a wanton holding up of ship-repair work, even in a single area, Ernest Bevin ought to make full use of the ample compulsory powers with which he is armed. Has the Executive Council of the Union concerned been asked to call the offending delegate to order, or even to remove him from office? If it has, and has refused, have the Trades Union Congress been asked to intervene? If neither of these steps has been taken, what is Ernest Bevin thinking about? Or can it be that the whole story is just another stunt? I am not saying that it is a stunt. I am just puzzled about the whole affair.

* * *

The Norwegian Minister of Shipping, broadcasting to Norway last week-end, spoke of the remarkable falling-off of shipping losses during the last two months, and of the relatively undisturbed condition of the transatlantic route at present. Norwegian shipping losses, for example, were 63,000 gross tons in March of this year, about 45,000 in April and May, 24,000 in June, 12,000 in July, and in August, up to the end of the third week, nothing at all. Major Swabe described the situation as being "at least a temporary victory" in the Battle of the Atlantic, and stressed the point that the relative immunity had followed hard upon Hitler's threat of such a sea war as we had never believed to be possible. Rejoicing would no doubt be premature; and the renewed attempt may come before long; but undoubtedly the technique of combating submarine attack has improved very greatly, and in the temporary absence of most of the German Air Force in the East our ocean-going commerce can be much better protected. Of course, the extension of the American naval patrol has played a big part in the improvement; and in this respect the advantage will remain even if the Nazis are able later on to resume their attacks in full force.

* * *

At the same time it is disturbing to be told by Lord Beaverbrook that raw-material and semi-finished imports are to be diminished in order to permit the shipment of finished war material. The figures referred to below of the American production of arms are not big enough to warrant such decision. If it was taken because increased home supplies, especially of scrap, made import superfluous all is well. But the experience of last spring suggests that the shortage of shipping space is rather due to the mismanagement of our food policy.

* * *

The Labour Party, I am told, is setting up a number of sub-committees on particular subjects to aid its main committee in working out its reconstruction policy. It is also, as our readers will probably have noticed, adding to the staff of its research department, which was cut down almost to nothing after the outbreak of war. I hope the party will not forget that in addition to working out its programmes there is urgent need for it to make its members throughout the country conscious of what it stands for, and to conduct an active propaganda in support of its plans. Local Labour Parties in some areas have been carrying on manfully with not much central direction or help; but there are a great many places where most of the active Labour people have been absorbed into A.R.P. or other emergency work, and the political organisation has gone almost entirely to sleep. Doubtless, the same thing has happened in some places to the other parties; but it matters much more in the case of the Labour Party, which depends for its influence mainly on the activity and intelligence of its local supporters. Business organisations are already pretty busy laying plans for assuring the future of capitalist enterprise in the post-war years; and the Labour Party, in order to make headway, will have to get its local following educated up to a high pitch of efficiency in spreading Socialist ideas. Messrs. Shinwell and Laski, chairman and secretary to the Labour Party's new reconstruction committee, are probably alive to the need. But the party machine as a whole will need a lot of stirring up before it can be made equal to the task.

* * *

The whole tenor of the Churchill broadcast was a sharp reminder to wishful thinkers in this country that the U.S.A. are not yet in the war, that the psychology of a powerful minority still resembles the attitude of this country between Munich and Prague: apprehension without decision. Nothing confirms this better than the information which is slowly seeping through about the actual war effort of America. Having been overwhelmed by the billion figures which are bandied about, one rubs one's eye and wonders where all that money could have disappeared. Mr. Roosevelt sharply rebuked some Senators and papers about spreading alarmist rumours on the U.S. arms output. But his figure of some 61 anti-aircraft guns, 72 anti-tank guns and less than 500 operational aircraft (in addition to about 1,000 trainers) is almost as shocking as the charges of Senator Byrd. It is no use to proclaim, as Lord Beaverbrook does, that we shall get "nice deliveries." Of course our August output was a record. Why should it not have been? But was the record achieved by overtopping a low figure of production by two, three or some hundreds of tanks. And guns. The fury of a totalitarian war is illustrated by the figures in German and Russian losses of equipment published in Moscow, which runs into the thousands. The Select Committee on Expenditure is not a body which can be accused of Bolshie tendencies. But in their last reports they stress the importance of establishing real understanding and industrial democracy in the factories. Step

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by step the muddles and delays show that the demand made over and over again in these columns of establishing a double purpose army, of effectively unifying our industrial organisation and achieving a substantial equality of sacrifice is essential for victory. Once we have succeeded in mobilising ourselves completely we can tell the Americans where we went wrong and how they can avoid the pitfalls. Until then we shall have magnificent words to be unmasked by subsequent events.

THE IMPACT OF RUSSIA

THE voice that calls Goebbels a liar on the *Deutschlandsender* may or may not come from Russia. In any case, it is a dramatic symbol of the revolt against the Nazis that is developing all over Europe—and that will go on developing at least as long as three-quarters of the German army are engaged in fighting the Soviet Union. Resistance in Holland and Norway, which the Germans have now had to place under martial law, is of old standing and probably but little affected by the war in Russia. But incidents of sabotage and train wrecking in France are undoubtedly the French workers' response to the German invasion of Russia. The Pétain Government has recently decreed sentence of death against those who are comprehensively described as Communists or Anarchists—which means anyone we should call a patriot, a Liberal or a Socialist. The new reign of terror will no doubt reach far more terrible dimensions now that a young man named Colette has shot Pierre Laval and Marcel Déat. The great mass of Frenchmen will regard this would-be assassin as a courageous liberator; nor will they care whether he was a "Communist," as the Pétain authorities of course assert, or merely a French patriot who disliked those who sell their country. He fired into a group of Fascists, well knowing that his own death was more certain than that of his victims. Laval is now generally recognised as one of the chief architects of Europe's ruin; he saw in each act of aggression rather an opportunity for his own advancement than a threat to peace and liberty. More remarkable are evidences of revolt in the Balkans. In Yugoslavia war continues in two areas, in Montenegro and in Croatia, where the Germans have installed a government of picked gangsters from the terrorist training camps of Italy. There is irony in this; for these terrorists were refugees from the peace-time tyranny of Alexander of Yugoslavia. The Slav revolt spreads over Bulgaria and Rumania, where a new decree is reported by which cases of sabotage attributed to Communists are to be met by shooting 20 Jewish and 5 non-Jewish Communists whether they were concerned in the sabotage or not. According to Soviet reports, guerrilla leaders of the Balkan countries have met in the Bosnian mountains and report success in killing large numbers of Fascist officers and soldiers, destroying hundreds of bridges, ammunition and provision dumps and wrecking many trains. Even if we make some allowance for exaggerated reports, it remains clear that the resistance to Nazi occupation all over the Continent has been immensely increased during recent weeks.

It is Russia's fight which now chiefly energises the unconquered spirit of the Continent. In some areas leadership must be in the hands of Communists who with fanatical courage have maintained a skeleton organisation in spite of the horrors of Fascist rule. The attack on the U.S.S.R. has convinced members of the Communist party that this is not purely an Imperialist war. It has also ended the "neutrality" of many thousands of workers who thought their interests little involved until the attack on the Workers' Republic. The attack on Russia is an attack on them and their class, for Russia, whatever their criticisms of Stalin's policy, is the symbol of working-class emancipation. It is the workers' State, for which hundreds of thousands of workers outside Russia would willingly die. All over Europe they contrast the struggle in Russia with the battle of France last summer. There, a half-hearted, disunited and dispirited government led a people as half-hearted, as disunited and as dispirited as itself. When the Germans advanced, bridges were not blown up, property was not destroyed, resistance was not maintained because officers and civil servants would not take the responsibility for blowing up the bridges, and property owners preferred to save what they could of their private world, even at the cost of Nazi advance. In Russia the peasants burn the crops they have grown and destroy the buildings thay have built in hard years of toil. They defend, not the traditional Russia of priests and landlords, but a country which they feel to be their own. It is this spirit, triumphant in spite of past mistakes and terrible suffering, that has impressed the world and which will inspire workers in every country, whatever defeats Russia suffers and however long the appalling slaughter continues. For that reason Hitler fears Soviet Russia and tries to crush its armies before their strength is equal to Germany's. He cannot proclaim his New Order or hope to crush the spirit of revolt in Europe unless he can crush the Soviet Union and then address his forces to the task of reducing Britain. Again, as Mr. Churchill says, Hitler attacks and hopes to destroy his enemies "one by one."

Can we end this process of piecemeal wars? Everywhere in this country people watch the struggle of the Soviet armies, hard pressed on an immense front, and ask whether no further steps can be taken effectively to unite the Russian and British war efforts. Something, they see, is being done. The R.A.F. is losing heavily in planes and men; some fighter aeroplanes are diverted from the eastern front and some damage is done to German communications and production. Again, some supplies are being diverted from the U.S.A. to Russia. Our information is that these supplies, particularly of fighter aeroplanes which the Russians desperately need, are still entirely inadequate. The difficulty of sending short-range fighters to Russia is obviously great; every fighter has presumably to come by sea. Here the new development of joint British and Russian action in Iran should help: we now have a common frontier with Russia; the Caucasian railway may prove as useful a life-line of contact between the West and Russia as the Burma road has been to the Chinese. The occupation of Iran makes possible a British-Russian front in the whole Caucasian area. Psychologically the Iran move is of the greatest importance; for once we have moved without waiting for the Germans and for once our action is joint action with the Soviet Union.

What about other fronts? Three-quarters of the vast German army is locked in Russia: it would seem a unique opportunity. If we cannot invade Europe at any front to-day, how can we ever hope to do so in the future? The answer depends largely on military factors on which no one but the expert can pronounce with confidence. Not that, with the experience of the last two years of war, we trust much to the judgment of our experts. It is no sufficient answer in such a case merely to say that Britain cannot afford the shipping or the men, or that we are still very inadequately equipped. If any expedition could be successful in drawing off men or aeroplanes from the Eastern Front, the risks would have to be run, the ships diverted from other duties, and other fronts, if necessary, denuded. The problem is not whether it is safe or easy, but whether it is possible with heroic efforts to send an expedition of significant size capable of maintaining a bridgehead on the Continent. Raids, which we have always favoured, have some psychological importance; an expedition that merely meant another evacuation would be merely depressing to the would-be insurgents on the Continent and would be useless to Russia. It seems useless to argue the matter on the basis of insufficient knowledge; it is clear that for this summer no expedition on the Continent is contemplated. If we consider the problem coolly we shall see one strong argument for the view of the British War Office. Even assuming that the Nazi advance has taken longer in Russia than Hitler expected, we can scarcely believe that the German General Staff would have made a gratuitous attack on the Soviet Union this summer had it considered that a British offensive in the West was immediately practicable. If there had been an opportunity for us to create a war on two fronts Russia would not have been attacked. We have but little confidence in the judgment of the British War Office, but when its views coincide with those of the German General Staff the layman must, however reluctantly, admit that they may be well founded.

If, with deep reluctance, we have to rule out a full attack on the Western front this year—that does not rule out important military operations on a number of other fronts—the case is all the stronger for redoubling our aid to Russia in other directions. The most foolish attitude in the world is to be satisfied with rejoicing that the Russians have kept Germany from the West this year, that they are reducing the German air force and killing a very large number of German soldiers. Unless we wish again to be destroyed "one by one," we should strain every resource to aid Russia which is now indeed hard pressed. We believe that even if the German advance reaches Leningrad, Moscow and Kieff, even if Hitler's armies occupy the whole Ukraine, still the Russian resistance will be maintained, if necessary from the Urals. It is the maintenance of that resistance that is vital. Its possibility may depend on us. Stalin swiftly welcomed the proposal for a Russian-British-American Conference in Moscow. Who is going to it and why is there delay?

VESTED INTERESTS *VERSUS* VICTORY

[The author of this article, whose pseudonym is familiar on our City page, is himself a capitalist with intimate knowledge of the way in which the City and Big Business work. He has also had inside experience of the Government machine.]

THIS article, I pray, will not be read as a sinister attack upon the peaceful institutions of democracy. They are grand institutions—when everything is peaceful and when they are not exploited too much by vested interests and racketeers. Far be it from me, a radical democrat, to question the democratic faith. I am well aware that the parliamentary practice of it is particularly suited to the more hypocritical side of our national character. Happily, there is no longer any need to probe into the preaching and practice of democracy in Great Britain in the last ten years. All of us are now painfully conscious that we are fighting for a simple elementary right—the freedom of our native soil and the right to live our lives in the singularly independent and foolish way we have chosen. We need not pretend any longer that we are fighting to preserve that sickly form of capitalist democracy which has been poisoning our national life since the first "National" or "Big Business" Government was formed in August, 1931. Indeed, when the battle started, and the military might of the new Goliath was measured against the stone and sling of the British David, most of us realised that we could not deserve victory unless we had clean hands as well as a stout heart. And most of us purposed there and then to clean up the dirt and degradation of the old capitalist system when the war ends.

But this is no time to squabble about our domestic peace aims. For the moment we must avoid any political or economic system which stands in the way of victory. That is why, I suggest, we should not tolerate a day longer the machinery of capitalist Government which is now enshrined in Westminster. It is this system which is holding back the means of victory, which is preventing the rhythmical production of tanks, aeroplanes, guns and ships, for the simple reason that it is psychologically and technically unadaptable to totalitarian war.

There are still "guilty men" among our politicians, but let us blame the system before we blame the men. The House of Commons is not used to representing the community as a whole. It represents the compromises of the two exploiting parties in the national economy—organised capital and organised labour, or, as I prefer to put it, the employers' unions and the workers' unions. Capital, or the employers' unions, is faithfully represented by the Tory Party. Are not its members all numbered in the Directory of Directors? The Trade Unions are as faithfully represented by the Parliamentary Labour Party whose Socialist slogans suitably disguise the bargaining of the great Trade Union bosses. Each party puffs unashamedly in the House of Commons the claims of its sectional and selfish interests. But is a parliamentary system run upon these sectional and selfish lines likely to produce an administration fit to run a war on totalitarian and unselfish lines? Can you gather figs from thorns?

Mr. Chamberlain, running true to the principles of his party, invited "big business" men into the Government machine to control and direct the national output of munitions of war. This might not have been so bad if he had asked—on the principle of "Set a thief to catch a thief"—a cement baron to control the steel barons, or a steel baron to control the cement barons, or an engineering boss to control the railway bosses and vice versa. But he made the fatal mistake of inviting the "big business" lords to operate the Government controls of their own businesses! At the Ministry of Supply the Aluminium Controller was a director of British Aluminium. The Paper Controller was the managing director of large paper companies. The Petroleum Board was composed of directors of the great petrol combines. The Controller of Cement was a director of four cement companies and chairman of the Cement Makers Federation. The Non-Ferrous Metal Controller was managing director of the largest firm of metal brokers in the country—the British Metal Corporation. And so on. The Board of Trade went on the same lines as the Ministry of Supply. To cap it all, the railway executive, under the chairmanship of the Minister of Transport, was composed of the railway managers themselves who squeezed out of the Government the most fantastic bargain of this war—an agreement which guaranteed the railways for the duration of the war more revenue than they had earned in 1938 and entitled them to share equally with the Treasury in any excess profits until they received a pre-1914 standard fixed upon an over-capitalisation of railway assets!

How could the new controllers at the Ministry of Supply, the Board of Trade and the Ministry of Transport adjust their minds to the new technique of totalitarian war if their eyes were always looking backwards to their old profits or forwards to their competitive position after the war? Having been appointed guardians of their own profit-making trades, they were psychologically incapable of operating the Government controls with the ruthlessness required of total war. Mr. Chamberlain called his system "collaboration with industry," but everyone knows that when a Government appoints the managing directors to the key positions of State controlling their own industries, it no longer collaborates—it is dominated by the minds of "big business."

Now Mr. Churchill took over Mr. Chamberlain's system—becoming even leader of the Conservative Party, of the political union of the great employers. He made only one change—he invited organised labour into his Government to help run the machine with organised capital. What a great opportunity was missed! The public was ready and eager for a change in system. It was shocked and alarmed by the failure to get into the full stride of war production. Here was the chance to cement the popular will for victory by bringing capital and labour under single national control for the unselfish purposes of war production. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity to scrap the old system of administration through vested interests and to set up a new system of the common pool—the common pool of capital and labour with no vested rights on either side to obstruct the national output of war machinery.

But Mr. Churchill could not see it. He let the opportunity slip. What he did was to put a coalition in power—a coalition of the two vested interests of capital and labour. There was a mutual understanding between Tory headquarters, representing "big business," and Labour headquarters, representing the trade unions, that provided the trade union officials were allowed to negotiate rises in wages to meet war-time rises in the cost of living (and so maintain their jobs and usefulness to their men), there would be no major attack upon the capitalist system from the Labour Party. Mr. Bevin, who never minces words, let the cat out of the bag before he joined the coalition. He demanded a fair share of the rising national income for the workers. He expected inflation—he seemed rather to welcome it as the only way out—and he said bluntly that wages must keep on going up to match the rise in prices. They went up and they are still going up. In other words, the great trade union boss installed at the Ministry of Labour was there to guarantee that labour got its fair share of the spoils. Because organised labour still refuses to set a limit to the rise in wages, the Government is now desperately trying every expedient to set a limit to the rise in prices. It has increased direct taxation, it has rationed foodstuffs and clothing and it has passed legislation not only to prevent profiteering, but to fix wholesalers' and retailers' margins and maximum prices for essential goods. But the Government White Paper in July, 1941, confessed that none of these expedients could stop a further rise in prices, and if wages are allowed to follow prices, then the chase will go on. This chase between wages and prices, which economists call the inflation spiral, is the price to be paid for Mr. Churchill's coalition between the great vested interests.

But it is an uneasy coalition. Capital is no longer so interested in increasing output or in increasing it cheaply and efficiently because it cannot increase profits if it does. The Excess Profits Tax, which the coalition raised to 100 per cent., removed the profit motive from private enterprise for the duration of the war. Yet Labour is as disgruntled as Capital because, although its wages are increasing, it has been given no voice in factory management, because it sees men standing idle at the benches through muddle and inefficiency, because it sees private capital in ownership control of the munition works in spite of the coalition's promise that capital would be conscripted equally with labour. Mr. Churchill defended this system in the House of Commons. He argued that effective co-ordination of the three production departments ordering their munitions independently of each other was secured by an inter-departmental committee. He rejected the demand for an Economic Minister with the protest, "Find me the superman and I will serve under him." But is a super-committee superimposed on other committees the safe alternative to a superman? The accusation of Sir John Wardlaw Milne that the country was only producing about 75 per cent. of its maximum capacity for war has not been effectively answered. The truth is that the nation will never produce at 100 per cent. capacity unless and until capital and labour are working in harmony and with a new spirit. But their morale is all wrong. Both capital and labour are disgruntled. There must be a change of heart, a new enthusiasm and a new technique.

The plan I put forward is my own personal faith and conviction, a conclusion I have reached after thinking along independent lines,

after working inside the capitalist system and inside the Government machine. I am convinced that the economic demands of total war make the institution of the common pool of capital and labour a clamant necessity if we are to produce at our maximum capacity. Total war requires that not a machine and not a man shall be engaged on work that is not required as a munition of war or as an essential of civilian life. Non-essential private labour and spending must be ruthlessly eliminated. No waste of time, plant or labour or private enterprise must be tolerated. But this cannot be achieved without a new enthusiasm to inspire the workers and a new control of private capital.

For the rest of the war we must give up the system of privately owned capital and privately owned labour. When a factory or business is required for munitions or any other Government purpose, the owner must not ask: "What are my profits to be, what guarantees am I to have, how am I to get my business back into shape after the war?" He must accept the orders of the State; he must surrender the plant and become a manager, that is, *if* he is efficient enough to be one. When a worker is required to transfer his labour from his home to another theatre of munitions far away he must not ask: "What are my wages to be, what about my union and craft?" He must accept orders and the national wage of the industry agreed to by the Government and the union concerned. Are not the soldiers, the airmen and the sailors, who are called up under the National Service Act, accepting the orders of the Government and the pay fixed by the State every day of their lives? Why differentiate between the fighters for democracy?

Let us start, then, with the principle that there must be a common pool of capital and labour for the purposes of total war. The State has already taken powers, under the Emergency Powers Defence Act, 1940, to conscript both private persons and private property. It only remains to decide the terms. And these should be simple. All capital being vested in the State for the duration of the war, the net profits of all industry and trade accrue to the State. This principle should apply not only to the businesses which the State actually takes over for munition making, but also to the consumption trades which may or may not be affected by the restrictions laid upon civilian life and spending. Net profits mean, of course, the balances due to the *entrepreneurs* after payment of all expenses, including wages, salaries and mortage or bank interest. The application of this principle would enable at long last the equitable distribution of the losses and waste of war. Under the present system we see some individuals gaining and others losing. We see small firms squeezed out of existence while large combines or multiple stores profit from their adversity. We see greedy and parasitic wholesalers buying up available supplies and re-selling them for fat commissions. Under the present system we promise compensation to those whose houses or premises are physically destroyed by bombs, but nothing to those who are economically bombed by order, say, of the Board of Trade. The cut in civilian consumption which is required by total war should not be achieved by unfairly reducing the consumption of some unfortunates and increasing that of the lucky or the parasitic. If the net profits of all industry and trade were to accrue to the State for the rest of the war the Government would then be able to concentrate production, eliminate middlemen in distribution, telescope the retail trade and so effect the drastic reorganisation of the national output which is so urgently required. Out of the profits pool the Government would then compensate the closed-down or the economically bombed on a fair and proper basis, so that the *entrepreneurs* as a whole would share equally in the sacrifices required by total war.

Concurrent with this new control of capital, the Government would then fix, in agreement with the trade unions, national wage rates for each individual industry and for each grade of worker within each industry. This means scaling up the wages of the lower paid grades and probably scaling down the wages of the young boys and girls who are now being overpaid and demoralised. Here would be an opportunity to introduce the system of family allowances. When these adjustments have been made, further rises in wages for the duration of the war would be unnecessary because the cost of living could then be pegged. Workers and rentiers alike would be guaranteed against an inflationary rise in prices.

These simple formulae do not mean that the State tries to interfere with or manage individual businesses or trades which it does not require for the purposes of war production. It does mean, however, that it can pool the services of skilled managers—and sack incompetent managers whose only claim to their position arises from their ownership of capital. The distribution of the common pool of net earnings would be effected through the existing machinery of the Inland Revenue, and, in my opinion, it would be less difficult to administer than the operation of the existing multitude of Government orders. But one thing is certain—that until the principle of the common pool is recognised and established by law we shall never restore our workers' morale to victory pitch or secure our maximum output for total war. If this winter becomes the vital period of rearmament before the final clashes in the spring, victory or defeat may well depend upon industrial morale, and that morale upon the common pool.

URBANUS

A LONDON DIARY

IF you listen casually to one of Mr. Churchill's big orations you may think it no more than a grand and encouraging spate of words. If you concentrate, you notice particular passages meant to impress special audiences. On Sunday there was the warning to the Turks not to get on the wrong side of the road and to the Japanese that we are ready to be tough if they are not good. Then it was significant that Mr. Churchill should think it necessary to support Mr. Roosevelt by telling the American public that the United States will be in desperate peril if Hitler is allowed to win on this side of the Atlantic. This passage was also in effect a warning to the British public that the United States is far from being in the war—a warning that came well from the Prime Minister, who is partly responsible for an excessive optimism in Britain about American participation. Then there was the peroration to encourage the spirit of sabotage and revolt in occupied countries—with, I think, an inadequate realisation of the extent to which this spirit depends, not on British encouragement, but on Russian resistance. Finally there was the interesting passage defining the attitude of Britain and America to Germany after the Nazis are defeated.

* * *

Mr. Churchill recalled that about 1917 British Big Business began to demand the total destruction of Germany as a trade rival. This time, he said, he and Mr. Roosevelt had outlined a more sensible plan in the Atlantic Charter; Germany must be disarmed, while we maintained the necessary defences, but Germany must not be economically ruined. The more I think about this statement the more inadequate and slipshod it seems. We all agree that Germany must be disarmed, and all but those afflicted with Vansittartitis see the folly of talking as if any measures could prevent Germany from being the central market of Europe. But to leave the matter there is not, as Mr. Churchill seemed to think, to correct the mistakes of the last Peace, but to repeat them. We did disarm Germany very effectively in 1919 and Britain and France remained fully armed. We were strong enough to do anything we liked to Germany up to 1936. True, our practical business men talked about destroying Germany as a competitor in 1917, but after the war they soon wanted Germany back as a market. Therefore, apart from the folly of reparations, Mr. Churchill's present proposals were in effect carried out in 1919. Should we this time any more than last time want to maintain a situation in which we spent our substance on armaments, while Germany, relieved of the burden of this monstrous waste, developed economically and, incidentally, built up the basis of another war potential? As it stands Mr. Churchill proposes that Germany should have the butter and we the guns. If he thinks over his proposition he will see that there is no solution of the problem of Germany except in common economic institutions for Europe, ensuring general and not only German prosperity, and an international political organisation which would be responsible for policing Europe.

* * *

The photographs of Mr. Churchill in Reykjavik bring back memories of a visit to Iceland when H.M.S. *Rodney* took parliamentary delegates and a few press representatives to the celebrations of the thousandth anniversary of the Icelandic Parliament. When I saw that Mr. Churchill visited a hot spring I wondered which of the geysers it was. There were lots of them. There is the sort that spouts up every so many hours and which says "thank you" if you put in a piece of soap, and there is the more exciting, though quieter, kind that suddenly turns a piece of stony desert into a green oasis. I remember driving all day in the sun over shimmering white stones, with a view of volcanoes, which had blown their heads off not more than a century or so ago, on the horizon. Suddenly there was a house in the middle of a green meadow and, wonderful to relate, a greenhouse with roses, among other flowers, growing in it. We were introduced to the owner, who had married, if I remember

rightly, a Danish girl and settled on this warm green patch. His visible assets were one warm spring, which was hot enough to boil an egg a hundred yards from the house, to serve as a bath fifty yards away, and, nearer still, to keep a greenhouse at an equable temperature all the year round. After that it acted as central heating for his house, the walls of which were stacked up with green turf. The happy owner of this spring could keep a cow and a goat on the grass, and seemed to live very comfortably on his fertile island. I can well believe that Icelanders do not like American occupation, for they are an independent people who refused to remain a Dominion even of the Danes. But they are also a very sensible people; most of them seem to talk English as well as to read the sagas in the original Old Icelandic, and they have the closest relations with English fishermen. If the alternative is German occupation, which would not end after the duration, I should expect them to find temporary Anglo-Saxon occupation a very easy burden to bear.

* * *

A correspondent lately returned from a western town writes about its distinctive shelter policy. On the main bus routes to the north and west of this city, on land from two to five miles from the city centre, there are arising a number of shelter colonies in which it is hoped to provide nightly accommodation for 10,000 people from the vulnerable areas. Each colony consists of a group of buildings of solid monolithic construction, each building containing 48 bunks in two tiers, with a reasonable space between each bunk and—a device which might be universally adopted—a plywood screen at each bunk-head to prevent droplet infection. Each building has a sanitary annexe which includes both chemical closets and water closets, the former remaining closed unless and until there is interference with drainage and water supply. The buildings are well ventilated, electrically heated, and airing lines have even been provided on the adjacent land where shelterers can air their bedding. The doubt which arises in one's mind is whether 10,000 people will be induced to leave their homes for the periphery of the city if there is no "alert," and if there is an "alert" they will hardly risk a long bus journey. Also, what is to become of these ferro-concrete constructions after the war? They might house the people while the city's rehousing scheme is in progress, but that would only be a temporary measure, and these 200 buildings, from the look of them, deserve a better fate than to be left derelict. This town by the way, in addition to the most modern shelters, has the most mediaeval that our correspondent, who has visited the shelters in seven large cities, has yet come across. This is an apparently impregnable shelter in the castle wall, and it gives one quite a start to see, in the castle gatehouse, the St. John orderlies and nurses on duty all the night through.

* * *

I fell into conversation with an army lorry driver the other day. "They tell us," he said, "that they've stopped waste of petrol in the army now. Well, I know better. They've stopped army petrol going outside the army or being used for private purposes. That's all they've done. The other day a chap I know was given two years for putting a gallon of army petrol into his own motor bike. But how many gallons do you think I have to waste in a week? They send me with a five-ton lorry to deliver a package like that," and he showed me a bulky envelope. "Its all right for me, of course, but a dispatch rider on a motor bike could take it, and anyway, there are always small cars for officers' 'personal use' standing round. But they won't use them. It's the five-ton lorry every time. Sometimes they'll send me on several journeys in the lorry when one would do, and all I have to pass over is a small packet each time. Waste! Gallons and gallons! It would not be army discipline for me to tell them that sailors die to bring it here."

* * *

With the harvest waiting to be cut and gathered, my farmer friend, whose land is surrounded by woods, has spoken indignantly on the subject of pheasants and wood pigeons. "There are," he said, "more pheasants than ever before." "Why?" I asked. "Well, for one thing, there is nobody left to poach their eggs and they nearly all get hatched out on the estate; for another, there is practically nobody left to shoot them. Last winter there was no 'shoot' on the estate for the first time in my memory. But what matters isn't so much that there are more pheasants as that they are so much more destructive. You see, up to now they have been artificially fed by the keeper; now there is no corn for them and they have to forage for themselves. So naturally they punish my wheat and barley all day." "Why don't you shoot them?" I asked. "That would be more than my position as a tenant farmer is worth. But I do think I ought to be allowed to shoot the wood pigeons." "Surely," I said, "nobody is going to stop you doing that." "In theory nobody will, but the fact is that the keeper doesn't like the sound of a gun anywhere within earshot of his blessed woods—it disturbs the pheasants, makes them shy, and all that. So if I were to start shooting wood pigeons, it would be reported to the estate agent and down would go a black mark against my name in the book. Next time I wanted something done to the farm buildings there would be nothing doing." I venture to suggest to Mr. Hudson that a Statutory Rule and Order should be made by the Ministry, making it compulsory for farmers to keep their land free from pests *of all kinds*, including pheasants and foxes, for the duration. As the farmer said, "As I have to feed the pheasants off my farm, I ought to be allowed to shoot what I have reared."

* * *

At the "local" the talk turned on gardens with particular reference to their ability to profit by frequent and varied manuring. "It is easy enough for you country chaps," said the gentleman from London. "You can get as much manure as you want. It is a very different matter with us. All along our road, whenever the milk cart goes by, you can see chaps popping their heads out of the windows, to see whether the pony is going to drop anything, and if he does, out they go running with their shovels. Quite a spot of trouble there is sometimes, when two chaps both claim that the pony has 'dropped' in front of their house." My friend, the farmer, obviously sceptical, winked at me. "And every now and then I suppose," he said, "the pony cocks up his ears, looks over his shoulder and says, 'Gentlemen, are you registered with me?'"

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Robert Fenn.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1.

Mr. Zitelli says that no one who can select a fine cigar with the unerring instinct of Winston Churchill "can possibly be anything but a very great gentleman."—*News Chronicle.*

Venus (April 21-May 20 and Sept. 23-Oct. 23). Family crisis approaching. Problems chiefly connected with young people or men relatives. — Astrological forecast, *Daily Sketch*, August 19th.

April 21 to May 20.—Exceptionally favourable day, with outstanding problems successfully attacked, thanks to co-operation from others. Excellent for family and social matters. — Astrological forecast, *Daily Mail*, same day.

Dentists.—Excellent dental chair, "Castle" steriliser, cabinet, gas, and other equipment, for Sale, or might exchange for good Stamp Collection.—Advt. in the *Times*.

A recent claim that a company sergeant-major of 77 was probably the oldest member of the Home Guard has brought information of an officer of the 30th County of London (Tooting) Battalion of the Home Guard, who will be 82 years of age on September 28.—*Sunday Times.*

This pamphlet is dedicated to all those who devote their lives to the true interests of the common people. They include such men as the Rt. Hon. Montagu Norman, Governor of the Bank of England, Sir Ernest Benn, and Captain Bernard Acworth, D.S.O., R.N., the greatest individualists of our day, and all those who realise the importance to England of a sound currency and the honest and free conduct by private enterprise of all business.—*The Kingdom of Bevin*, by Hannibal.

SUCCESS STORY

IN the early summer of 1851 Charlie Collins dropped in on Millais to kick his heels and watch him paint, and in a pause picked up a copy of *Hamlet* and began to read the Queen's account of Ophelia's death.

Millais decided that it was a subject, his subject, and that he was going to do it. At the end of June he had quite made up his mind and he began to look for the stream for the singing woman to float in. The Lemprières were the first people he thought of who had a brook handy, so he asked himself down and walked the stream looking for the site. At last he found it, a big half-fallen willow lurching over the Ewell carrying a great briar out over the water. There were flags and mint in the foreground, and tight cushions of emerald weed under the clear water. She would float here singing, a long way from the muddy death that waited down-stream. The next thing was lodgings. He wanted Hunt to come for the summer with him and

the Lemprières couldn't be asked to stand too much. So a cottage was found near Kingston, only two miles away, and in July the work began.

Inauspiciously: the landlady had views about food suitable for lodgers, and the two artists sat down to chops with peas and potatoes followed by gooseberry tart every night, and suggestions were ill received. Then the site itself turned out to be in the hayfield of an unsympathetic farmer. Millais went out each day tensed against a scene, and was threatened with a summons while the hay stood, and with the bull after the hay was cut. The haymaking proved to be a worse ordeal than the rows with the farmer; the gang of men and women crowded round, first with hints about warm weather and finally with requests for a coin to drink your honour's health. Millais pointed out the child's mug which stood under his umbrella and told them that when he felt thirsty he dipped his drink from the stream, and that they would be well advised to do the same. There was a certain amount of jeering and a good deal of tension on these occasions; it was extremely unpleasing. And then there were the swans; they floated gracefully between Millais and the briars, and when he shouted and threw things, bent their necks with an air of gentle patience and tore up the beautiful essential water weeds. The summer wore on exasperatingly until at the end of August Charlie Collins and William Millais, wanting to join them, found accommodation for the whole party in a big farmhouse nearby. Millais and Hunt were lured over by the promise of better food than the eternal mutton chops, but they came because Millais spotted a brick wall with an ivied top, and Hunt found the perfect orchard beyond it, through a little door partly overgrown. Hunt looked at the door and thought instantly, Revelation iii, 20: "Behold, I stand at the door and knock: if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him . . ." Millais just knew that the wall would make something, was in some way his subject, a perfect background—everything was going to be all right after all. They moved to Worcester Park Farm in a delicious excitement.

The food was much better, plenty of cream and fresh butter, and delicious pastry. Millais swung down the hills to the stream with a light heart; the swans vanished, and in the mild autumn the emerald weed re-established itself into those perfect underwater poufs. By the middle of September the Ophelia background had closed in about the staring white gap that was to be filled by the floating, singing woman. Millais remained on the hill-top looking at the wall and beginning to paint it round an amorphous blank that he wasn't sure how to fill. Hunt was going at the *Light of the World* and *The Hireling Shepherd* full tilt. He felt worried about his friend's aimlessness, just painting a wall. Millais showed him some pencil drawings. "They're lovers," said Millais, "meeting, or parting, or something. I think it's a marvellous *secret*-looking wall, don't you, old fellow?" Hunt was in a priggish mood and disregarded the wall to concentrate on the lovers. Who were they? He didn't perceive the literary or historic reference. Millais said there wasn't a reference; the important thing was the awfully jolly wall. Hunt puffed at his pipe with disapproval. It seemed to him that unless lovers were dramatic lovers, or historical lovers, they had a right to privacy. "I feel as if I were intruding on so delicate an occasion by even looking at the picture. I protest against that kind of art," said Hunt. There was a coldness which lasted some time, until October 16th.

Millais had been busy all day on some nasturtiums at the foot of the wall, and there was a row with Charlie Collins over dinner. Collins was very much under the spell of the Oxford Movement and was practising high asceticism with an air of conscious nobility. There was something about the way in which he refused a second go of blackberry tart that touched Millais off and set him teasing until the poor man ran off upstairs with tears in his eyes. The outbreak cleared the air and Hunt and Millais felt relieved of a great burden of tension. For the first time in weeks they examined and discussed each other's work. Millais saw the first drawings for *The Light of the World* and hailed them with delight. From among them tumbled a sketch of lovers. He grinned and waved it, "Lovers . . .!" "Ah," said Hunt, "that illustrates my point. This incident comes from the War of the Roses. The Lady of the Yorkist party is within her castle; her lover, from the opposite camp, has scaled her castle wall and is persuading her to fly with him, and she is hesitating, torn between love and duty. A stormy evening sky behind them reflects the troublous times. Now that *is* a subject." Millais was won over at once. "Oh, I say, let me have that," he cried, "it's just the thing for my wall!" Hunt looked bleakly at him. "Your wall is a brick garden wall," he said; "these people are in a castle." "Oh, well, one of them can be a Royalist and the other a Puritan," said Millais. William Millais chipped in from the other side of the fireplace: "If you make the man a Cavalier everyone will think he's just flirting with the girl, and if the woman is the Royalist they'll think she's making an ass of herself with an outsider." "I've got it," cried Millais: "that opera, *The Huguenot*—when she tries to get him to wear the white badge, and he won't. That's it." Even Hunt was impressed and made over his idea willingly. Millais dashed off a letter that night to his mother telling her to go to the British Museum to look up Huguenot costumes.

Millais returned to the wall with a new excitement the following day and worked hard at it through to the end of October. When the weather was too wet or cold to work outside he brought plants in pots indoors and worked them into the foreground. In November he began to feel that too much time was slipping away owing to the weather, and he had a house of hurdles lined with straw made facing the wall, in which he could work. On November 4th it was finished, and he worked in it for some hours in spite of an east wind and snow. Hunt was in a nearby cart shed trying to induce one of the sheep in *The Hireling Shepherd* to lie down and be painted. Millais took pity on him and told his manservant off to hold sheep whenever Mr. Hunt wished to paint them. Hunt discovered then that it didn't take a man to hold the sheep down; once they were lying, the weight of a small boy sitting on them would hold them. So a special small boy was hired to sit on sheep. In December the backgrounds were finished, only the empty sockets for the figures remained.

The Huguenots were easy to find; the Lemprières' eighteen-year-old boy, just going to take his commission in the Royal Engineers, was handsome enough for the man; and a delicious Miss Ryan turned up to fall into his arms. (The one became a red-faced joke general; the other married an ostler and slipped slowly into the darkness of a Victorian prostitute's career.)

Ophelia was more trouble, and the gleaming whiteness between the water weed and the splendid rose bush demanded something richer and more rare than the ordinary model could provide. Millais returned to London in some anxiety, but with some hope. He had seen Rossetti during the winter, who had been raving about Deverell's find, The Cranborne Alley Venus, the Stunner to beat all Stunners, Elizabeth Siddal. Through the rest of December he drew her and wondered if she would do for the blank, and made up his mind in January. Finally he took his courage in both hands, dressed her in a wide skirted dress, garlanded her with flowers and laid her down in the huge bath he had prepared. She lay there, as silent and indifferent as Shakespeare's Ophelia, in the water, kept luke-warm by half a dozen oil lamps beneath the tub. The lamps burnt out during one sitting, but she remained passively in the slowly cooling water until she was chilled to the bone. She did not mention it after the sitting was over, and he was too busy to notice. He finished her head on March 6th and put the last touches to the skirt on April 2nd, 1852, a few days after *The Huguenot* had been sold for £250. Millais was greatly relieved and went off to look for a hollow tree, with convenient lodgings near it, to harbour his Cavalier in the sequel to *The Huguenot* called the *Proscribed Royalist*, and he was already making sketches for *The Order of Release*. He was busy and off-hand when he heard of Elizabeth Siddal's collapse, and did nothing about it. Her litigious father, however, felt that the long hours in the bath tub had something to do with it and threatened law suits. There was an acrimonious correspondence which ended with a considerable deflation of Mr. Siddal's claims, but with Millais paying the doctor's bill. The row intruded on the painting of the hollow oak; it was worse than the haymakers and the farmers. The tree and the row dragged on from June till November; it was exasperating. Millais felt that Rossetti had let him in for it. His mistrust of the Bohemian element in the pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood welled up more strongly than ever. He had tried to keep the Rossetti crowd out, but the sloshy element had won. Quietly he dropped out and withdrew to another sphere; he took Leech's advice about top boots and rode to hounds regularly through the winter. He began to see a good deal of Landseer. When *The Order of Release* appeared in the Summer Exhibition of the Academy, in 1853, it was seen that the brightly lit figures were transfixed before a darkling void; there was no background at all. The Academicians welcomed the change and had no qualms about electing him as an Associate. The qualms were all on Millais's side; he mistrusted himself by himself—for Hunt was going off to Arabia in spring for what might be years. "Now Hunt is going I don't know what will become of me . . ." he wrote gloomily on Boxing Day. He did well to doubt. *The Black Brunswicker*, *Cherry Ripe*, the unspeakable *Bubbies*, lay inevitably ahead.

ANTHONY WEST

A TORY DOMINION

(From a Canadian Correspondent)

LESS than a month ago Mr. Mackenzie King declared from a public platform that he would be unable to attend an Imperial Conference in London, because "the issue of conscription might be raised in his absence!" Hard on the heels of this statement, Mr. King suddenly arrives here by aeroplane. Sponsors of an Imperial Cabinet were quick to interpret the Canadian Premier's arrival as an indication that he had now been converted to their point of view. Their hopes were killed at the Premier's first press Conference. Canada, declared the Premier was opposed to the formation of an Imperial Cabinet. His visit to London resolves itself into a praiseworthy gesture of solidarity, to round off the visits of the other Dominion Premiers to this country, which reached their consummation in the personal meeting between Churchill and Roosevelt. It will only become interesting if it helps to make clearer the attitude of Canada in this war.

Canada's material contribution to the Allied war effort is already well known. Small in population, but rich in natural resources and highly efficient industrial plant, Canada has mobilised for the struggle her forests, her farmlands, her mines and her factories. From her wheatfields Britain will this year receive over 120,000,000 bushels of grain. Over 100,000 fighting vehicles have already been delivered. The Royal Canadian Air Force has become an Army of over 60,000 men. From training schools all over the Dominion, an ever-growing stream of pilots cross the Atlantic.

Canada has also played an important part in influencing American state policy. Canada's participation in the war has made American neutrality an impossibility, both *de jure* and *de facto*. Canadian airmen may drop bombs over Germany, and units of the Canadian navy may take an active part in the battle of the Atlantic. But if a German plane were to drop bombs over Canada or if a German submarine were to enter a Canadian harbour, this, under the terms of the Monroe Doctrine, restated by Mr. Roosevelt with particular reference to Canada, would automatically constitute an act of aggression directed against the United States. And if the Monroe Doctrine were not sufficiently explicit on this score, then there could be no mistaking the import of the Canadian-American Joint Defence Commission. The Hyde Park announcement of April 20, couched in terms of sweeping generality virtually provides for the merger of the Canadian and American war economies.

In spite of all this economic participation in the war, travellers between Canada and the United States constantly comment on the bizarre fact that the American people seem far more excited about the war than the Canadian people. Indeed, if we are to believe Malik Sir Firoz Kahn Noon, High Commissioner for India in London, who passed through Canada in early June, the Canadian people are not showing as much zeal in their war effort as that which animates the people of India! This does not mean to say that most of the Canadian people have not got their hearts in the war. They have. But what is lacking is a sense of urgency, and above all a sense of purpose.

Canada has the reputation of being the most conservative of all the English-speaking countries. The Liberal Party, which represents the left wing of Canadian politics, corresponds far more closely to the Conservative Party in England than to the Liberal Party, and far more closely to the Republican Party in America than to the Democratic Party. The Conservative Party has been in eclipse these past twenty years because in Canada there has been no need for a party more conservative than the Liberal Party. There are a number of reasons for this ingrained conservatism. Among the upper classes of English Canada the tradition of the United Empire Loyalists is still strong. (The U.E. Loyalists were the American Tories who escaped to Canada during and after the War of Independence). French-Canada, for its part, is more completely under the control of the Catholic Church than any other territory on earth. "Corporatism" not democracy, is the recognised social doctrine of the Church. It is only a few years now since Cardinal Villeneuve declaimed in these terms: "You ask me whether I am a fascist, totalitarian or democrat? I shall answer in the very words of Mgr. Bilczewski: 'I do not recognise the wild, lying atheistic democracy that exists in most of the countries of the world to-day." Because the French Canadians constitute one-third of the Dominion's population, the politics of the Federal Government generally represents a compromise between English opinion and French-Canadian opinion. Add to these factors the tremendously concentrated structure of Canadian capital and the abysmal weakness of the Canadian labour movement, and the reason for Canada's conservatism is not hard to find.

French Canada has always been a delicate problem for the Federal Government. French Canada is for the war, but it is unalterably opposed to conscription. Ergo, the Federal Government does not dare to introduce conscription. In so far as the conduct of the war is concerned, the bulk of French Canadian opinion favours General De Gaulle. On the other hand, the French Canadian press was loud in its approbation of Vichy's decision to reintroduce religion in the schools, of its anti-semitic and other reactionary measures. And it is for this reason that the Federal Government has resisted repeated demands from English Canada for the expulsion of Vichy's representative at Ottawa. The fact that Russia has now become an ally of Britain's is bound to render the situation even more delicate.

Parliament has suffered badly from the war. It convened for a few days to pass on the declaration of war. More than five months later, in February, 1940, it convened again — only to find itself dissolved by the speech from the throne, which announced to a stupefied opposition that a general election would be held on March 26th. While the trick dissolution may have been all the scurvy things the Opposition said it was, it is a tribute to Mr. Mackenzie King's political sagacity that it worked. The Liberals were returned with a record majority of 176 out of 245 seats.

The Canadian Parliament has never been so lifeless an affair. The Conservative Opposition regularly raises a rather feeble voice to demand conscription or an increased war effort. Civil liberties, war aims, a new world order—these things do not concern either Liberals or Conservatives. The eight members of the Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (which is a Canadian edition of the Labour Party, but without a trade union basis) have made a number of democratic interpellations; Mrs. Dorise Neilsen (Independent) Canada's only woman M.P. the most effective, though her position is weakened by her association with the pro-Communist *Canadian Tribune*.

The present Administration embarked upon the war by introducing a series of War Regulations beside which, in the words of one Liberal critic, the British War Regulations would almost pass as an edition of Magna Charta. In February of last year the Winnipeg *Free Press*—sometimes described as the *Manchester Guardian* of Canada—printed a comparative tabulation of the Canadian and British War Regulations. In every instance, the Canadian Regulations were more comprehensive in their scope, more ambiguous in their statement, and far more drastic in the penalties they prescribed.

During the first weeks of the war the Communist Party and most of its numerous papers and periodicals were suppressed by order of the Minister of Justice. A number of other minor revolutionary groups were also illegalised. Up until May of this year, according to the Minister, a total of 98 Communists had been interned; Communist sympathisers, however, claim that the number is much greater. Since the time of the Stalin-Hitler pact, the once-powerful Communist Party of Canada has been in thorough disrepute with the vast majority of trade unionists and liberals who once supported it. But despite this, there has been much criticism of the arbitrary powers of the Minister of Justice to suppress political parties, ban newspapers, and intern Canadian citizens, all without due process of law. The relative freedom enjoyed by the Communist Party in besieged Britain has made the situation all the more glaring.

The internment of Pat Sullivan, leader of the Canadian Seamen's Union, brought forth a storm of protest from the entire Canadian union movement. Even so staunch a Tory as Colonel George Drew, leader of the Ontario Conservative Party and a consistent opponent of Labour, felt constrained to characterise Sullivan's internment as a dangerously undemocratic procedure. Dr. Samuel Levine, Lecturer in Geophysics at the University of Toronto, was convicted only on the evidence that a number of Communist pamphlets had been found in his room.

In the face of the promptness and thoroughness with which it dispatched the Communists, it is difficult to understand why the authorities tarried so long before clamping down on the Fascists. There was no dearth of evidence to prove that Adrien Arcand and his National Unity Party were closely connected with the Nazis and the Italian Fascists. Kurt G. W. Ludecke, ex Nazi-agent, mentions Arcand prominently in his book *I Knew Hitler*. Yet for eight long months after war was declared, the National Unity Party was permitted to carry on in the open, issuing truckloads of anti-semitic literature, drilling its legionaries, staging practice mobilisations. The situation began to arouse comment. On May 20th the Montreal *Standard* ran an article exposing the Fascist movement in Canada and demanding measures against it. On May 24th, the Pan-Canadian Union held a mass meeting in Montreal at which 15,000 howled for action against the 5th column, both Left and Right. Finally, on May 26th, the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, swooped down on the National Unity Party and arrested Arcand and seven other leaders. The case opened sensationally in the court. The presiding judge considered the evidence so impressive that he adjourned the session so that the charges might be referred to the provincial Attorney-General for reconsideration. The Montreal *Star* suggested that the charge might be changed to espionage and high treason. But at this point Federal Minister of Justice Lapointe intervened, stopped the trial, and ordered Arcand and his colleagues interned for the duration. When the matter was subsequently raised in Parliament by Dr. H. A. Bruce, he was informed that the case of Arcand was not yet closed. Since that time no further statement has been forthcoming.

Mr. Mackenzie King can boast of a long and cordial friendship with President Roosevelt. The association, unfortunately, seems to have produced no serious liberalizing effect on Canadian state policy. "Freedom" in the mouths of Canadian statesmen still remains a pleasant abstraction. But, if the Canadian Government could associate itself in fact with Mr. Roosevelt's conception of freedom—a conception which profoundly influenced the Churchill-Roosevelt declaration—the response of the Canadian people, Catholic and Protestant, French and British, would be immediate.

THE FACE

THERE is a face I know too well,
A face I dread to see,
So vain it is, so eloquent
Of all futility.

It is a human face that hides
A monkey soul within,
That bangs about, that beats a gong,
That makes a horrid din.

Sometimes the monkey soul will sprawl
Athwart the human eyes,
And peering forth will pad its claws
And utter social lies.

So wretched is this face, so vain,
So empty and forlorn,
You well may say that better far
This face had not been born.

STEVIE SMITH

WATER IS BEST

ON Sunday morning two small boys came to the edge of the pond and began to throw stones into it. They threw them hard in an almost vertical direction so that each stone entered the water with a delightful chug. There are not as a rule many stones on the common, but a farmer had recently filled in the muddy wheel-tracks leading to his gate with stones of a reasonable size, and the boys, their bare knees pistoning in the Sabbath air, ran backwards and forwards between the pond and the cart-tracks for fresh means of producing their water-music. There was no vice in their stone-throwing. Not a duck was in sight. They were engrossed in the pleasure of abandoning their senses to the light-waves that brought the splash of the stones to their eyes and to the sound-waves that brought the chug of the stones to their ears.

How charming a thing is water in spite of all that the Prohibitionists have said in its favour! All creatures—at least, all creatures that I know—gather to it as small chickens gather to their mother. The old brown horse clumps along the road to the pond, scratches himself on the bark of a willow and then lowers his lips to drink the muddied fluid with deeper satisfaction than is to be got even from scratching. Cows loosed from the byre, though not noted for quick motion, run towards it, lowing with anticipation. Even the sow breaks into an unwieldy run, and the little pigs scuttle towards it as if they were children on holiday at the seaside. Martins, with their pleasant stridulating chirrup, perform their day-long dances above it. Goldfinches visit the willows round it, though I have never seen one of them drinking at its edge. Even the magpies come to take a look at it. The lovely dragonfly and the monotonously musical mosquito haunt it, and at night the bats with their almost inaudible squeak flutter through the air above it.

It is no wonder, then, that man, being the prince of the animals, shares the craving of the other animals for the neighbourhood of water. This is, I imagine, one of the most primitive of instincts. Water, after all—unless I have misread the Book of Genesis—was the first thing to be created in its present shape. The face of the waters was already there when the earth was without form and void and before the creation of light. Hence the traditional part of our imaginations is moved by the sight and sound of this most ancient feature of the world about us. Is there a single human being alive who has never loved the sea or lakes or rivers or canals or a well in the desert? Even a dog that does not love the sight of water is looked on as mad.

Love of water is one of the first of human passions, and, probably, one of the last to fade. The child in the perambulator gets pleasure from looking at swans on a pond. As soon as it is able to walk, one of the first things it has to be warned against is over-indulgence in the love of water—a love that may lead it on a river-bank to the fate of Ophelia. The sight of running water makes its eyes shine. Water gushing through a sluice on its way from a dam to a mill-wheel is something to be gazed at day after day and to remain in the memory for ever. The meanest rill is a playground as it trickles along the foot of a field—to be dammed with mud and then to have its deepened waters loosed into freedom. Water flowing under a bridge can keep a child happily busy for an hour throwing sticks and leaves over one side of the bridge and running to see them emerge at the other. There is no aspect of water that does not seem good. Everything that floats on it, from a goose to a penny boat, increases the cheerfulness of life. The water-lilies that grow in it are worth risking drowning to reach and possess. To paddle the hands in it brings more than physical refreshment. To enter it with the whole body, though it may begin in fear, ends in rapture.

There is nothing to be surprised at, then, in the fact that water is so intimately associated in the popular imagination with holidays. Extreme pleasure without water is to many people incomprehensible. A holiday means to them a month at the seaside, a day on the river, a sea voyage, a pleasure cruise, a visit to the English, Swiss or Italian lakes, or fishing. The popularity of fishing is undoubtedly due to the love of water. Anglers are not particularly fond of fish: some of them never eat them: many of them, I suspect, have never caught one. Isaak Walton could paint a lovely landscape, but how barren it would seem without the shining waters that flow through it! Consider, for example, the famous passage: "I could there sit quietly; and, looking on the water, see some fishes sport themselves in the silver streams, others leaping at flies of different shapes and colours; looking on the hills, I could behold them spotted with woods and groves; looking down the meadows, I could see, here a boy gathering lilies and ladysmocks, and there a girl cropping culverlocks and cowslips, all to make garlands suitable to this present month of May." I doubt whether that vision would have been so enchanted if the world in which it was set had been waterless. "I sat down under a willow tree by the water-side." That is when clarity of sight comes to man.

Our happiest memories even of cities are usually associated with water. The noble floods of the fountains of Rome are more memorable—at least, more pleasantly memorable—than the Colosseum. Florence is the city of a river, the olive-green Arno, into which the riparians throw their rubbish and on the lazy surface of which hopeful anglers in boats fish all day for nothing. Venice may be famous for St. Mark's and its pigeons, but better still are those waters which wash the steps of one's hotel and bring a gondola to the door instead of a taxi. In Spain, again, what delight to come on the blue seas of Cadiz and on the still bluer seas of Malaga! And what would Granada be without those delicious running waters with which the Moors made their gardens haunts of imaginative pleasure?

I cannot think of a single city or town I like that is not built about noble water. First of all come Belfast with its lough, and Coleraine with the Bann; but this may be a purely personal taste, and I can understand how an unbiassed spectator might prefer the sea seen from the high places of Edinburgh, or the St. Lawrence as it flows under the Château de Frontenac at Quebec. It is a fine saying that:

> All places that the eye of Heaven doth visit
> Are to the wise man ports and happy havens;

but it is interesting to notice that Shakespeare takes waterside places as the emblems of paradise on earth. Economists may explain that cities naturally grow in the neighbourhood of water as this is necessary for the purpose of trade and transport. But the fact is that there are cities where water is so inconspicuous that they bear no resemblance whatever to ports and happy havens. These are cities that leave no memory and that the eye of Heaven seems to visit only reluctantly. It would take a wiser man than I to be happy in a place that was not in sight of water and hills. Fortunately there are many wiser men than I. Otherwise certain places would be depopulated.

Even the inland towns that attract the rest of us most are towns with water reputations. Bath has waters both to drink and to look at. Wells has its moat under the moon. See Salisbury's river from the foot of a garden, and you will enjoy a peace that seems as if it must last for ever. Most of the best churches seem to be built near water. Probably the monks set the fashion with their fine choice in watersides. If I had been a medieval monk, I think I could have been happy—if I could have been happy as a medieval monk—at Long Abbey at the top of Lough Corrib. I have never felt so much at peace with the world as when I sat there one day and saw a silver trout every few minutes leaping out of the still water. First perfect stillness; then the faint interruption of the leap and splash; then stillness again. Such restfulness, if it lasted, might be demoralising; but I should risk that.

It may be that I am inclined to overpraise water just now because it is so long since I have seen great stretches of it. It is true that I cross the Thames regularly, and the Thames at high tide never ceases to make the world a better place than it seems half-a-mile farther away. But I should like to look for a day or two at salt water, which I have not set eyes on for three years. Salt water seen from land is, after all, the nonpareil spectacle of the spectacular earth. There are those who like best to see it from a boat; but, on the whole, I prefer a rock or a strand or a golf-course or a hotel window. Now, however, the sea nearest me is barred to visitors, and the seaside farther away is uncomfortably packed with visitors. A friend of mine went to a seaside town the other day and, on my recommendation, visited the most historic inn in the place. On his return he told me that the inn was so jammed that it was almost impossible to raise a glass to the lips without having it spilled by somebody's shoulder or elbow. That is not my notion of a seaside holiday. It is more like travelling third-class from Liverpool Street in the rush hours. Hence, I do not expect to go to the sea this year. I shall have to be content with remembering it in as much tranquillity as I can muster. In the absence of the sea, however, there is much to be said for a pond—especially if an old horse by its side is scratching himself against a willow-tree and small boys are throwing stones into the water with a chug.

Y. Y.

RUSSIAN PHOTOGRAPHS

"A Day in Soviet Russia," at the London Pavilion.

Photographs of Soviet Russia, at the Suffolk Street Gallery.

ON one summer day nearly a hundred cameramen worked in different parts of the U.S.S.R. to record daily life. Their work was shaped into a kaleidoscopic film, the effect of which is to impress upon the imagination the size of the U.S.S.R., the variety of its climates, peoples and customs, the richness of its resources and the energy with which these are exploited. We who live in a country much more thoroughly industrialised than Russia may find there's too much emphasis upon factory production, but this should interest at least the Blimps who, till recently, fancied that nothing worked in the U.S.S.R. Moreover, it is interesting to see men who hold records for the number of rivets, bricks, or hundredweights of coal handled in a day; men who are national heroes, like footballers and jockeys in England or film-stars in the U.S.A. The most exciting parts of the film are those showing the varied natural conditions with which the Russians have to cope—ships steering their way, under aeroplane control, through the Arctic ice; shepherds guarding immense flocks in the sublime scenery of Georgia; natives of Northern Siberia with their invaluable reindeer; roads being blasted through the gorges of Pamir. The photography is most excellent, and the English commentary most sensible. Mr. Quentin Reynolds's deep, rich, moving voice adds enormously to the impression made by the film.

In the Suffolk Street Gallery there is a collection of photographs of Russia remarkable for their beauty. A few that show recent buildings and sculpture are disappointing. We have often been told that art is the result of economic and social conditions, but we notice with dismay that Soviet architecture is very like the more infelicitous products of "plutodemocracy." The blocks of flats are as inharmonious and forbidding as those in our suburbs, the Underground as tasteless and showy as a hotel in Park Lane or Piccadilly. Fine old buildings seem to be as recklessly pulled down in Moscow as in Rome or London. But how delightful are the photographs of tribesmen, of athletes and of theatrical productions. It is to be hoped that equally informative films and photographs of England are being shown in the U.S.S.R., for English ignorance of Russia is far less deep than Russian ignorance of England. If we must destroy the illusion that they are gloomy savages, they must destroy the illusion that we are a people of slaves tyrannised over by heartless plutocrats. Our new alliance needs to be based upon mutual understanding, and the Russians should be given films showing that in this country, too, the people have medical services, libraries and places of recreation. Reciprocity in propaganda has become essential.

ROGER MARVELL

THE MOVIES

Apart from the Russian film reviewed above, there is little of interest. Two musical shows, *The Golden Hour* and *Kiss the Boys Goodbye* are ingeniously directed and display actors worthy of better material. James Stewart (who sings) is charming as ever in the first; in the second Oscar Levant is a discovery. Both these films can be recommended to those who like American light music and do not mind close-ups of girls singing. *Penn of Pennsylvania* is a bore. This is to be regretted, because on his record Penn should not have been a bore. He had guts; he had the sense to choose a good wife—delightfully played by the beautiful Deborah Kerr—and he founded a successful colony, which showed that with him, as with other successful Quakers, business followed close upon religion. What is more, Charles II liked him; and that monarch could never have tolerated such a prosy, psalm-singing goody-goody as Clifford Evans made of Penn. But it was not Clifford Evans's fault. He had to speak uninspired prose in drearier dialogue than we have ever heard except in a film script. And the direction was as flat and uninspiring as the dialogue. Indeed, the film moved so slowly that it creaked. Its best feature was that it did not twist history as much as Hollywood would have done. We could have wished, however, that we had not seen so conventional a Charles II, tickling mistresses' ribs and playing with lap dogs, or a Pepys so consistently platitudinous. The costumes and photography were excellent, but why show Penn's racehorse covered with a modern rug from the stables of Newmarket? It is a pity that a historical theme which links the souls of Britain and America together should have been handled so heavily and tediously. This is not one of the British films one would be proud to export to America.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, August 30th—
- Eiluned Davis, Piano, St. Stephen's Church, Pond Street, N.W.3, 3.
- Dvorák Centenary Celebrations, until Sept. 4th, City Literary Institute, Stukeley Street, W.C.2. First day: Dr. V. Fischl, "Dvorák in England," 3.

SUNDAY, August 31st—
- Moiseiwitsch with London Symphony Orchestra, Cambridge Theatre, 3. Tickets, 1s. 6d. to 7s. 6d.
- Songs of Freedom: Dr. E. H. Meyer, 36A Upper Park Road, N.W.3, 5.

TUESDAY, September 2nd—
- Rt. Hon. Col. Josiah Wedgwood, M.P.: "The Economic Problems of America To-day," Henry George School of Economics, 13 Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, 6.
- Geoffrey Gilbert, Flute. International Arts Centre, 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2, 7.

WEDNESDAY, September 3rd—
- Play Reading: "Give me Liberty," Unity Theatre, 6.30.

THURSDAY, September 4th—
- Pat Sloan, "On Being a Patient in the Soviet Union," Conway Hall, W.C.1, 7

FRIDAY, September 5th—
- Tagore Memorial Meeting, Conway Hall, 6.15. Admission Cards, India League, 165 Strand.
- Oscar Nemon: "Yugoslavian Sculpture," 22 St. Petersburgh Place, W.2., 7.

Correspondence

EGGS AND ALL THAT

SIR,—I wonder whether you would be interested in the experience of my village—identical, as near as does not matter, with that of your contributor M.G. in your issue of August 2nd. I can carry the story a little further. We had an issue of Canadian eggs, which were passable for cooking purposes. But the second issue nearly blew the village up. Those supplied to me bore no mark of origin and we thought they were English. The first egg, cracked over a bowl, contained a chick about three parts developed and stunk like all the sewers of Europe. The second, more cautiously cracked, was just suffocating. I took them, held at arms' length, to the village shop. The shopkeeper winded me as I opened the door, snatched the bag from my hand and fled to his backyard. He returned a few minutes later looking very green—he has not quite the stamina that I am blessed with—to tell me he had added them to the heap of returned eggs. A few days later he told me that he was selling no eggs—the villagers preferred to go without. Perhaps that was what Lord Woolton was driving at. If so, he has had his way. The inhabitants of this hamlet, except a few who have hens of their own, don't eat eggs any more.

And on October 1st, bang goes our milk. I am reminded of a saying of a cook we had for many years. "Liars," she used to say—usually referring to her fellow servants—"should have good memories." So, I say, should "administrators," though it would be devilishly inconvenient—for them. My memory is not so good as it was, but good enough to enable me to recall, almost verbatim, a broadcast made fairly early in the war, with Government authority, on the subject of food. "There are two food commodities which will never fail us in this island, oatmeal and milk. There is no healthier food; it is sufficient for all needs"; and we were advised, and even urged, to make these two our chief stand-by. "That," I said, "is sound sense"; and, from then till now, porridge and milk has been my chief support, with coffee and milk also, for breakfast. It has often been difficult, since then, to procure oatmeal; and now we are to have a quarter of a pint of milk each per day. This, we are told, is because of the normal seasonal shortage. Of course, there is less milk in the winter months than in the summer. There always was and always will be. But the shortage which makes the difference between enough and not enough is the outcome, primarily, of an agricultural policy utterly unfitted to the climate of this island—as present events witness. Instead of growing cattle—beyond dairy—sheep and pigs (not forgetting poultry), at all of which we used to excel, we are taught to grow wheat in competition with the Canadian prairies and sugar while the West Indies starve for markets.

One sign of returning sanity I observe. I gather that there is to be a bonus of some sort on lambs. I wonder whether I shall live to see a return to the old sane days of my boyhood, when sheep in their thousands grazed the downs in summer and were folded on the arable land, firming and manuring it during the winter; and when the ewes, with their lambs, came from the lambing pens in spring to spend their days in well-ditched water meadows, returning at sun-down to the lambing pens. Will there grow up again a generation of those wise old shepherds at whose feet I used to sit in my boyhood and who had more sense—agricultural, and, I am inclined to think, general—in their little fingers than all the Departments put together. I shall not live to see it, but I hope a later generation will.

HENRY G. MAURICE
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SIR,—An article recently appeared in this paper under the title "The Village Egg," which raised the usual dreary wail about the Egg Scheme, and was characterised by a complete divorce from reality. The final paragraph purported to tell the story of a "careful hard working hen-wife," who had been persuaded to give up keeping hens altogether owing to the new scheme. This story is odd for a number of reasons. Selling to a packing-station involves the dreadful labour of washing eggs, putting them in a box, and putting the box in a cool place until the packing-station van comes to fetch them. The packing stations pay by the first post after fetching the eggs, and since the introduction of the scheme have given a better price than the retail price. There is no messing about with paper bags, with grading, with people at the door at all hours, with fiddling petty-cash receipts, no hunts for odd halfpennies and coppers for change. From a farmer's point of view there is everything to be said for selling through a packing station; I have done so by choice for some time and I have never had the slightest cause to regret signing the contract with the packers. Why on earth should anyone give up keeping hens because the Government wishes to pay them a subsidy of 4d. a dozen to sell them in an easy way? I doubt if it has happened to any appreciable extent. In any case, anyone with less than fifty hens can sell eggs privately until they are blue in the face; 48 laying birds would give two dozen eggs a day, or 14 dozen a week, quite a sufficient quantity to make an appreciable difference to a local shortage of the sort described in the article. It is also odd that the villagers have been upset by the scheme. The average wage of farm workers runs in the neighbourhood of 54s., and an egg is a rare treat in the farm worker's diet as soon as it goes above twopence. Few villagers have run to eggs since the war began, and very few village budgets would run to buying eggs at 2s. 6d. a dozen

to preserve in waterglass. Another odd story was about a Government order, like a bolt from the blue, making it a criminal offence to sell eggs. This is odd because the bolt from the blue arrived with one month's notice, slow going for a bolt; and because the order creates a misdemeanour, not a criminal offence.

Then comes the charge that the Government first encouraged poultry-keeping and then changed its policy. This is nonsense pure and simple; no such gospel was preached by the Government and no change of front took place. At the outbreak of war the Ministry of Agriculture began to warn all stock-keepers that there was a likelihood of shortage of imported foods, and these warnings increased in intensity as the war went on. Poultry keepers were asked to reduce their flocks from June, 1940, onwards, and as they made no response it was announced in September that foodstuffs would be rationed and that poultry would receive rations on the assumption that the Government request had been complied with, and that the flocks were one-third of the size given in the June, 1939, return. Poultry-keepers now obtain each month one ration unit entitling them to 1 cwt. of food for every 80 birds on the June, 1939, return, or full rations for 14 birds. The poultry-keeper has freedom of choice, to feed 14 birds properly or to feed 80 badly. The Government have made their position perfectly clear and the poultryman who does the silly thing has no ground for complaint.

The fact is that the great yawp raised against the egg collection scheme originates from infuriated people who find themselves cut off from an uncontrolled food source by it; from country dwellers or week-enders who suddenly find themselves just as badly off as the town dweller in this matter. The egg scheme adds to English agriculture a mechanism comparable in efficiency to the Danish marketing machinery created by the Farmers' Co-Operatives, and the producer has every reason to hope that it will lead to a post-war Egg Marketing Board to work alongside the Milk Marketing Board. The kick comes not from the honest producer or from the bulk of consumers, but from the shady dealer selling on the black market, and the consumer who has been doing well owing to the absence of efficient distributive machinery.

ANTHONY WEST

GERMAN PATRIOTS AND ANTI-GERMAN FANATICS

SIR,—A review in the August *Nineteenth Century* of Sebastian Haffner's book, *Offensive Against Germany*, roundly abuses the author because he "wishes to fight against the land of his birth and upbringing. He naturally pretends that he only wants to fight Hitler and the 'Nazis.' He puts on the airs of a liberator. . . . Herr Haffner fancies himself as a 'better' German, as a citizen of the 'other Germany.' The 'better' Germans, however, are those who, like Pastor Niemöller, are willing to give their lives for their country, just as the 'better' Englishmen are. And the best Germans are those who loathe Hitler for his wickedness and yet are willing to die in his service that Germany may live. Herr Haffner does not appear to know what patriotism is."

Our political warfare is directed to trying to induce the German people to revolt against their rulers, in their interest as well as ours. Our best allies in that task are Germans who, like Mr. Haffner, wish to help us and to shorten the war by instigating their countrymen to overthrow the Nazi regime. These Germans believe that true patriotism combines love of country with loyalty to certain standards of civilisation that bid one, if necessary, to even take arms against one's Government.

But the reviewer in the *Nineteenth Century* evidently believes in the anti-Christian, barbarous creed of "my country, right or wrong." For he praises those Germans who are misguided enough to back Hitler to the bitter end, and abuses those who are enlightened enough to fight for the things England stands for in this war against the tyranny Hitler wishes to fasten on mankind.

To complete his wicked work the *Nineteenth Century* reviewer further abuses Mr. Haffner for proposing "a European federal system and an international army, navy and air force." The reviewer insists that we are at war with the whole German people, and that the German problem "can be solved by *permanently* disarming the German nation."

Now our Government, jointly with that of the United States, has stated that the Axis Powers must be disarmed, pending the organisation of general security. They also stipulate for the destruction of the Nazi tyranny. But not for the ruin of Germany; on the contrary, Germany, with all other countries, is to share in freedom of trade and the rest of the benefits of reconstruction. Even if this were not our official policy, the idea that a fraction of the British people, against the will of the progressive elements of the nation, could hold down 80 million Germans in perpetuity is childishly unreal and visionary. It is inverted idealism based upon inverted racialism, and should be dismissed as merely silly, were it not also sinister. For the *Nineteenth Century* reviewer expounds his inverted Nazism with a sombre fanaticism, a dogmatism, unrelieved by humour or commonsense, that is Teutonic rather than English, and aligns him with Goebbels' propaganda to wield all Germans into a fighting unity behind Hitler.

A LABOUR CANDIDATE

INCENTIVES IN INDUSTRY

SIR,—As so much of Mr. Eysenck's letter has my approval, I am sorry that he has passed over the main points of my article "A Manufacturer Wants to Know."

First there is the question of wages. I agree that improvements in the working conditions of operatives result in improved output. I am familiar with the gist of the Western Electric observations, and it seems obvious that business men should develop in practice the ideas suggested by these observers and others who have applied scientific methods to problems of industrial psychology. But does Mr. Eysenck claim that if employers looked after what he calls "the human element," operatives would, as a body, inhibit the tendency to press for higher and higher cash wage rates when unemployment is at a minimum? And if not, how does he propose to overcome this tendency in a British reformed economy part of which will almost certainly remain behind a capitalist façade?

With regard to discipline in the workshop, the human element is, of course, extremely important, but Mr. Eysenck has misunderstood me if he thinks that in pointing out that "at the *final* issue the only sanction an employer has to prevent slacking and disobedience is—fear of the sack," I meant that this was the *only* method of promoting good order and increased output. I meant no such thing.

A parallel is to be found in the sphere of education. Latterly schools have arisen where punishments have been abolished or reduced to a minimum. It is doubtful, however, whether all deterrents will ever be abolished from all schools, and educationists recognise that a somewhat different outlook is required in the teaching staff of these new schools from what goes for the bulk of schools run on ordinary lines. What would be the result if within a few months or a year all punishments and deterrents, including expulsion and superannuation, were abolished from all our older public schools and universities? Would the staff and children be able to adjust themselves sufficiently rapidly to avoid some disorganisation? And yet in industry this is precisely the difficulty associated with a sudden change over from the normal to boom conditions—from a period when dismissal is unwelcome to one when it has become a matter of indifference.

I agree that more and more should be done to apply the findings of scientific investigators to factory and workshop conditions, but even if this is done, the questions raised in my article will still have to be faced. My psychology may be fifty years behind the times, but to pretend that these very real difficulties do not exist is the result of either ignorance or self-deception.

R. D. BEST

5 Westbourne Road,
Edgbaston, Birmingham.

VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

SIR,—May I ask why Mr. Ritchie Calder writes so angrily every time he puts pen to paper on the subject of Voluntary Hospitals? Anger is not the best of counsellors. In his case it is constantly resulting in wild and insupportable statements. And they make it appear that he is under the impression he and his municipalising friends alone are on the side of the angels (happily for the angels!), while friends of the Voluntary Hospital (the villains!) cannot help but be on the side of the devil. I almost feel that I am sprouting horns and a tail myself after reading Mr. Calder. Heaven alone knows what must be the sense of degradation and infamy afflicting those miserable men and women who have given hundreds of thousands of pounds to Voluntary Hospitals. Before the judgment seat of Mr. Ritchie Calder they stand self-condemned, charged with using their fortunes to create a monstrous overgrowth of wickedness designed solely to pollute the pearly purity of the municipals.

Such an attitude would be comic if it were not so pitifully unhelpful. Why not stick to the hard, solid facts of the indisputable kind? That is the kind of discussion likely to be most helpful all round. No one denies that there is a lot to be said in favour of Municipal Hospitals. I believe I am right in saying that friends of Voluntary Hospitals are quite keen on the retention of Municipal Hospitals. They serve a supremely useful purpose. So do Voluntary Hospitals. But for the love of Heaven don't let us confuse the purposes. If we do, then appalling chaos is surely inevitable. The distinction between the two is no mere accident. It is a design brilliantly conceived in the light of experience.

In the limited space at my disposal it is impossible to analyse Mr. Calder's latest article point by point, much as I would like to. I will draw attention only to one particularly gross misrepresentation—Mr. Calder's declaration that the electro-encephalograph was "largely developed at Maudsley L.C.C. Hospital." I raise my hat to the splendid men working so industriously at Maudsley, but I am prepared to wager that every man jack of them will be ready to tell Mr. Calder (if he does not already know) that the benefit of the research done at Maudsley would not be an atom of value to the public if it ended at Maudsley. Ask Mr. Grey Walter, the electro-physiologist at the Burden Neurological Research Institute, Bristol—the munificent gift of another of those infamous benefactors of Voluntary Hospitals! I can declare, with personal knowledge, and defy challenge from any quarter, that Mr. Grey Walter (a pioneer in this country in the electro-encephalograph) made all his substantial advances in the development of his miracle machine as a result of the research he was able to carry out at the Maida Vale Hospital for Nervous Diseases. There is no clinical material at Maudsley, where Mr. Grey Walter studied the mechanics of the electro-encephalograph. And 75 per cent. of his time in research was spent at Maida Vale Hospital. Most of his fellow researchers at Maudsley were from Voluntary Hospitals. They had a right to be there. Shall I tell you why? Because this municipal institution is supported by *voluntary gifts*. The money comes from a voluntary source in America. Maudsley does not cost the L.C.C. ratepayers one farthing for research. It is a part of the voluntary system! And it houses as many Voluntary Hospital researchers as men from Municipal Hospitals. All honour to Maudsley for welcoming both. Maudsley is doing a grand piece of work, and, incidentally, setting a magnificent example in the suppression of every kind of bias in a common cause. Strange that Mr. Calder should select Maudsley, of all places, to illustrate the peculiar and special virtues of the municipal system!

14 Kingsley Way, FRANK D. LONG
Hampstead, N.W.

EDUCATION

SIR,—At my own public school the food was bad, the service poor and the drains . . . non-existent, so perhaps I am prejudiced, but with all deference to Mr. Bruce Lockhart there is only one really compelling reason for sending one's sons to public as opposed to fancy schools, and that is that great king-pin of English life and bulwark against democracy: snobbery. Every intelligent motor-car salesman knows that you cannot sell a car to the British public on the strength of things which it will *do*; Mr. Smith doesn't want his new car to climb steep gradients on top gear or save petrol, but to put him in the same social class as Mr. Jones two doors along. In the same way our public schools are kept going by jumping-up business men who are bent on being able to say (when the time has come for John or Harry themselves to be taken out of education and put into business): "What has Lord X's son got that my son hasn't got?"

A point which I think calls for enlightenment from some one familiar with the educational institutions in both countries is this. It is obvious that the present-day world, during a period in which our own public-school-bred class has not conspicuously measured

up to its responsibilities, has owed and still owes much to a fine type of American, yet we seldom hear America's schools favourably compared with ours. Surely some of the credit for Franklin Roosevelt, Ambassador Dodd, Edgar Mowrer and Dorothy Thompson must go to America's schools —or is it universities? The playing fields of Eton may be growing potatoes by way of atonement for the years the locust hath eaten, but Hitler may already in a sense have met his Waterloo on the campuses of Groton or Culver. GEORGE RICHARDS

Poole, Dorset.

SIR,—Your correspondent's arguments in favour of sending his son to a "public" school appear more satisfying to him than to others.

What does he mean by "public school?" One of the most expensive and exclusive half-dozen, or any of the 200 boarding and day schools in the "Public Schools Year Book," or any upstart establishment run by one of Mr. Squeer's successors?

And how is he to be sure that, among the staff of this school of his choice lurks no man of unorthodox ideas? In an elementary school a teacher may not indulge in propaganda, on pain of losing his job, and his very qualification to teach—in private schools it rests usually with the headmaster.

Finally, how much greater are the opportunities for propaganda in a school which has complete control of the boy up to 18 than in the case of the day school? (How curious that the inculcation of the principles of Conservatism and of the Church of England is considered sound education, while the slightest divergence from these precepts immediately becomes "Propaganda!") K

SIR,—How on earth has Mr. Bruce Lockhart got the idea that State Schoolmasters are doctrinaires eager to "pump their doctrines" into their charges? Surely they are too busy hustling pupils through State examination syllabuses to have spare time for the insemination of doctrine! There are two points on which Mr. Bruce Lockhart should be reassured: firstly there is no wide variety of fanaticism amongst State schoolmasters, though their religious and political views certainly present all angles and opinions. But they are generally informed by the idea that a pupil must not be "pumped," but encouraged to think for himself (could Mr. Bruce Lockhart say the same for Public Schoolmasters?). Secondly, should a State schoolmaster make an incautious reference to matters touching on religious or political opinion, there is a body of parents, in daily touch with their children, ready to make violent protest. I am thinking of the storm aroused by a history colleague who spoke of Evolution!

I claim a readier credence than Mr. Bruce Lockhart, for I have taught in a Secondary School.

AC/2

THE SUPPLY OF DOCTORS

SIR,—I must agree with your correspondent regarding the artificial shortage of doctors at the present time. My own husband is a case in point. Before the war he was what is known as, I suppose, a "coming man"—he worked some ten hours daily and gave about fifteen hours weekly gratis to hospitals. At the beginning of the war he was called up by the Ministry of Health and was kept on "full time" for six months. Then he was released and returned to his practice. Unfortunately, his practice did not return to him and he found that his patients had evacuated themselves to outlying regions away from the bombing. He now has very little work and he is seeking a Colonial post. That he is not an isolated case is shown by the fact that another doctor, a surgeon, practising in the same Harley Street House, found so little work to do that he obtained a post in the African Medical Service and has already left the country. May I make it clear that these are not men trying to avoid their responsibilities? Our surgeon friend was operating all through the worst air raids in London, but he found that he had not enough private practice to make it worth his while continuing.

I am not hostile in any way to the refugee doctors, nor do I wish them not to make a living—but not my husband's living. Before any alien doctors are allowed on the Register, all English doctors should be assured of a reasonable living. The doctors of "blitzed" areas should be redistributed and specialists should be given some return for the free hospital work they do.

In conclusion may I ask if no doctors are needed by the teeming millions of China, Russia, Abyssinia, Syria and other less urban places? Give the refugees a chance to go to tend these people, not increase the wasteful tendency of allowing them to displace our established doctors, who then, with poverty facing them, have no alternative but to go abroad. A SPECIALIST'S WIFE

THE I.L.P.

SIR,—I was interested to note in your review of the opposition forces in the House of Commons in your article "Holiday Reflections on the Government," that any reference to the position of the Independent Labour Party Group was omitted.

Your article makes the entirely incorrect assertion that there is no opposition, for "outside of Mr. Gallacher, the other five parties are in the Coalition Government. I am not quite sure which are the five parties referred to, but in the interest of giving your readers a truthful picture of the situation it should be made clear that while Mr. Gallacher has been pro-War, anti-War and again pro-War since September, 1939, the I.L.P. Group in the House of Commons, comprising three Members, have divided the House on the War issue at the outset and when the Churchill Coalition Government was formed the House was again divided by this Group. It is true that the I.L.P. Members have not seen fit to divide the House on questions of conduct of the War, but on the principled and fundamental issues which this Parliament has discussed, the real opposition was that of the I.L.P. Group and not the "shadow" opposition of men who have been left out or the inconsistent opposition of the Communist M.P. It might be of interest to note also that the highest anti-Government vote so far recorded in wartime by-elections was cast for an I.L.P. candidate.

48 Dundas Street, Glasgow, C.1. TOM TAYLOR, Secretary, Scot. Div. Council.

AMERICAN ISOLATIONISM

SIR,—Mr. Lunn's interesting article on the attitude of American Catholics to the war contains the statement that "the belief that England is on the verge of a socialist revolution is one of the greatest assets of the Isolationists." The assertion is inaccurate, and as a possible guide to our own attitude it might be seriously misleading. Of course, social divisions in America reflect, as they did with us during the "appeasement" period, both fear of fascism and fear of communism. The question is whether this line of division is also that between interventionism and isolationism and, especially, which is the state of mind that is likely to predominate.

As to the first point, the Conservative South is more solidly pro-Ally than any other part of the States. On the Atlantic border the well-to-do hate the President's domestic policy, but they are staunchly behind him in foreign policy. At the other end of the social scale, the A.F. of L. is solidly pro-Ally, but the socially more advanced and aggressive C.I.O. contains a large isolationist section, led by its ex-President, Mr. John Lewis, who remains the most forceful figure in the world of Labour. The Socialists are not strong politically, but under the leadership of Norman Thomas they remain impenitently isolationist. And so do a large phalanx of tried Liberals like Senator Wheeler and Professor Charles Beard.

These people are anti-war because they fear that war would interrupt and disrupt the great social experiment upon which America has been engaged since 1933. In so far as England enters into this view at all it is with the old and deep suspicion of English Toryism. Mr. Kennedy may have convinced Big Business that "England will go red," but Big Business is so much on the defensive in the States that it hardly dares have a political opinion of its own. Of the attitude of the President and his Administration it is not necessary to say anything at all; the very choice of Mr. Winant as Ambassador was almost a proclamation to the People of England. Mr. Willkie and the Republicans had to endorse in 1940 almost the whole policy of the New Deal, however critical they may have been of its methods. One need only reflect on the part which the Morgans and Wall Street played in the 'twenties, and on the part which Labour plays now, to realise the tremendous social change that has come over the American scene. As one may get a sense of the new American spirit by comparing the Morgan arrangements for war supplies during the World War with the way in which we are being supplied now under the Lease-Lend Act, which could well be called a first and great experiment in an international New Deal.

I would therefore venture to make an assertion of my own to show how inaccurate, in my view, is Mr. Lunn's assertion. Such a complex and novel relationship as that involved in the Lease-Lend arrangements is bound to give rise at times to differences. But these differences if they arise will be less over questions of restitution, as they were after the World War, but rather over questions of distribution, that is of the use we make of Lease-Lend supplies which are not purely war material. They may arise, in other words, not because of a divergence between us and America in financial outlook, but because of a possible divergence in social outlook.

PRINCETONIAN

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Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

"No war has had greater results on the history of the world or brought greater triumphs to England," writes the historian Green when he comes to the Seven Years War, "but few have had more disastrous beginnings." To that familiar note we are now inured. Military preparedness appears to be an impossibility in these islands. At the opening of 1756 there were only three regiments fit for service, and after the collapse of the Duke of Cumberland's army on the Elbe a year later "a despondency without parallel in our history took possession of our coolest statesman, and even the impassive Chesterfield cried in despair, 'We are no longer a nation.'" So often has the despondency been paralleled since, and so often survived, that one hesitates to repeat the old, old story for fear of encouraging the gloomy smugness of it once too often.

There were 18,000 men waiting to cross the Channel at Quiberon in the summer of 1759, before Admiral Hawke scotched them. But now, in contrast to the despair of two years earlier, "the national spirit most gloriously disproved the charge of effeminacy which, in a popular estimate, had been imputed to the times."

So wrote Edward Gibbon when he looked back upon the military ardour which penetrated to the sleepy hesitations of country life at Buriton, near Petersfield, and which impelled his father to drive both of them into the Militia:

> The country rings around with loud alarms,
> And raw in fields the rude Militia swarms.

Gibbon remembered his Dryden. Left to himself, removed from his too notorious habit of "obeying as a son," Gibbon (one suspects) would have stayed where he was with his nose in his books and raising an occasional eye to consider and dismiss the prospect of marrying the next imperfect West Sussex lady on the calling list. Perhaps if he had not joined the Home Guard of 1759 Gibbon might have married from lack of having anything else to do, and then—who knows—we might be reading of the Birth and Rise, rather than of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire. A woman, even one of the West Sussex chatterboxes, might have prevailed against the eighteenth century taste for ruins. But Gibbon *père* had always been the decisive partner in the life of Gibbon *fils*. The father had put his foot down once or twice to some effect already; and having sent the youth to the Continent in order to rid him of Popery, he was equally determined on effacing the Frenchified personality and mind the young man had brought back in exchange for his religion. Edward Gibbon was to be made into an Englishman, and on June 12th Major and Captain Gibbon received their commissions in the South Battalion of the Hampshires.

The story of Gibbon's service with the Militia is well known. It can be read in his *Autobiography*, in his *Journal* and in the various *Lives*, of which Mr. D. M. Low's * is especially thorough, sympathetic and readable. To the one-time Territorial, the conscript or the Home Guard of to-day, Gibbon's experiences are amusing, consoling and instructive. The peculiar torments which taunt the amateur soldier seem to change very little from age to age. Joining to repel the invader at any moment, the Gibbons were very soon to find that the Navy had done it for them—Hawke sank the French at Quiberon in the following November—and that their patriotism had led them into the demoralising trap of soldiering without any enemy. Gibbon's first impression confirmed the remaining lines of Dryden:—

> Mouths without hands maintained at vast expense,
> In peace a charge, in war a weak defence.
> Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring band,
> And ever but in times of need at hand.
> This was the more when, issuing on guard,
> Drawn up in rank and file they stood prepar'd,
> Of seeming arms to make a short essay;
> Then hasten to be drunk—the business of the day.

As a writer Gibbon found himself in charge of the battalion's administrative and even literary affairs, which consisted mainly of conducting the correspondence and piling up the dossier of a row—"passionate and prolix"—a typical military row about precedence. When the danger of invasion had passed the Major and the Captain hoped to be allowed to take their duties easily in Petersfield or Alton, but they were caught for 2½ years more and began an unheroic, tedious and often sordid progress round the South of England. Winchester was too near home for discipline; they went to Devon, where they were happy, to Devizes where the habits of the town were riotous—21 courts martial!—to Porchester, where they guarded the French prisoners and many of the men caught fevers or the smallpox in the swampy wildernesses nearby, to Alton, where they entered the camp "indisputably the last and worst."

To the Major this was all far less depressing than to the Captain. There was a vein of happy impetuosity and slackness in the Major's character. He had always been at home in either the highest or the lowest society. He frequently cut parades, and when he did turn up his drill was terrible. Gibbon writes: "We had a most wretched field day. Major, officers and men seemed to try which should do worst." The Captain did not claim to be perfect: "The battalion was out, officers but no powder. It was the worst field day we had had a good while, the men were very unsteady, the officers very inattentive, and I myself made several mistakes." Still, there were consolations: "After going through the manual, which they did with great spirit, I put them . . . thro' a variety of evolutions. . . . At the volley I made them recover their arms, not a piece went off." Edward Gibbon was not one of those lackadaisical literary soldiers who hope their shufflings and errors will be lost in the crowd or their sporadic brainwaves impress the command. He was, as always, thorough, industrious and responsible; and some part of his suffering was due to his conscientiousness.

The qualities we expect of Gibbon are sense, balance and judiciousness. No man is more likely to give a more considered account of his experience, to extract the value from his disappointments, to gather in, perhaps complacently, all the compensations. The plump little man, only five feet high, with the bulging forehead and the bulbous cheeks, gazes like some imperturbable and learned baby at his life and can be trusted to give both sides of the question, if only for the sensuous pleasure of balancing a sentence:—

> The loss of so many busy and idle hours was not compensated by any elegant pleasure; and my temper was insensibly soured by the society of our rustic officers who were alike deficient in the knowledge of scholars and the manners of gentlemen. In every state there exists, however, a balance of good and evil. The habits of a sedentary life were usefully broken by the duties of an active profession; in the healthful exercise of the field I hunted with a battalion instead of a pack, and at that time I was ready at any hour of the day or night to fly from quarters to London, from London to quarters on the slightest call of private or regimental business. But my principal obligation to the militia was the making me an Englishman and a soldier. After my foreign education, with my reserved temper, I should long have continued a stranger in my native country, had I not shaken in this various scene of new faces and new friends; had not experience forced me to feel the characters of our leading men, the state of parties, the forms of office, and the operation of our civil and military system. In this peaceful service I imbibed the rudiments of the language and science of tactics which opened a new field of study and observation. . . The discipline and evolutions of a modern battalion gave me a clearer notion of the Phalanx and the Legions, and the Captain of the Hampshire Grenadiers (the reader may smile) has not been useless to the historian of the Roman Empire.

He took Horace with him on the march and read up the questions of Pagan and Christian theology in his tent. Sooner or later, the great men turn out to be all alike. They never stop working. They never lose a minute. It is very depressing.

Gibbon, like Francis Bacon, Swift and Dr. Johnson, is a writer whose experience is digested and set forth like the summing-up of a moral judge. "My temper is not very susceptible of enthusiasm" . . . that is not really quite true as his sudden conversion to Rome, his first meetings with Suzanne Curchod, his occasional feats with the bottle at Lausanne and in the militia seem to show. But if not phlegmatic, he is formal. The truth is that his temper was far more susceptible to style. For him style was the small, ugly man's form of power. His shocking health as a child and youth, though astonishingly restored when he was sixteen years of age, must have inscribed on his heart and instincts the detachment, the reserve, the innate melancholy of invalid habits. The coldness which is alleged, the tepidity of feeling and the fixed air of priggishness and conceit, are misleading. Really he is self-contained. In telling his own story he is not recklessly candid, but he is honest to a startling extent, and especially in disclaiming emotions which it is conventional to claim. His formality is comic, even intentionally so at times, and his detachment about himself may, of course, show an unconscionable vanity; but it also indicates the belief that a civilised man is one who ought to be able to stand the display of all the evidence. We think here particularly of his brief comment on Rousseau's dislike of his character and behaviour: Rousseau, Gibbon mildly remarks, ought not to have passed judgment on a foreigner. (Or did Gibbon mean that an enthusiast ought not to pass judgment on an English country gentleman? It is quite likely.) Gibbon is not ashamed to record his constant concern about money and property, nor to admit that his father's recklessness about money alarmed him not only as a son, but as an heir. And after drawing the most gracious portrait of his father, he is careful not to end on the note of filial idolatory or remorse:—

> The tears of a son are seldom lasting. I submitted to the order of Nature, and my grief was soothed by the conscious satisfaction that I had discharged all the duties of filial piety. Few perhaps are the children who, after the expiration of some months or years, would sincerely rejoice in the resurrection of their parents; and it is a melancholy truth, that my father's death, not unhappy for himself, was the only event that could save me from an hopeless life of obscurity and indigence.

It *is* a melancholy truth. Gibbon has a taste for the truth that is melancholy, for seeing life as a series of epitaphs. And yet in Reynolds' portrait the fat little scholar with the second roll of chin, and the lips which seem set for the discharge of some destructive epigram, is not as sober as he looks. He is, in fact, cutting a dash. With the amateur soldier's love of a splash and with a glance back at the heroic days when his Militia boldly exercised within sight of the French coast, he has put on his scarlet coat for the picture. "For in England the red ever appears the favourite and, as it were, the national colour of our military ensigns and uniforms."

V. S. PRITCHETT

* *The Autobiographies of Edward Gibbon.* Introduced by Lord Sheffield. Edited by John Murray. (John Murray.) *Autobiography. Edward Gibbon.* Edited with notes by Lord Sheffield. (Everyman.) *Edward Gibbon.* D. M. Low. (Chatto and Windus.)

INTERPRETATIONS OF MARXISM

The Flight from Reality. By HECTOR HAWTON. *Watts.* 8s. 6d.

Mr. Hawton has written an essay on the Marxist interpretation of history. His thesis is, first, that ideas are "a superstructure depending on the economic foundations of society"; secondly, that while some ideas reflect reality, others, which he calls systems of ideology, are the products of nothing but our wishes; thirdly, that all religions are ideologies in this sense, since there is no reality for them to reflect; fourthly, that the characteristics of the gods in any particular epoch can be traced to characteristics of the structure of the society which worships them.

Mr. Hawton concludes that there is little hope of altering society by the persuasive power of ideas, whether exercised in speech or writing, and suggests that the most that human effort can do is to accelerate the tempo of changes that are inevitable. He illustrates this thesis by a study of ancient civilisations in the course of which he shows how the ideas of God, of justice, of the soul and of an order in Nature reflect the structure and derive from the needs of primitive societies, and traces the changes through which they pass in response to changes of need. In the course of developing his thesis he has much that is interesting to say on a variety of topics ranging from Totemism to Athenian democracy, and from Egyptian astrology to the effects of the introduction of coinage upon peasant societies. All these topics are treated as grist to the mill of the general conclusion that human thought reflects instead of determining events.

The conclusion is familiar and so are the objections to which it is exposed. Since Mr. Hawton seems unaware of them, I venture to mention a few.

First, the logician's objection; if theories as to the nature of things and the motive forces of history are the products, not of the freely operating mind dispassionately taking stock of the evidence, but of the social situation which engenders them, then Mr. Hawton's own thesis is such a product. If so, one wonders, first, why we have not all accepted it, since the situation which gave birth to it is the same for all of us, and, secondly, on what grounds Mr. Hawton asks those of us who have not hitherto accepted it to accept it now? This brings up a more general objection: what, on Mr. Hawton's premises, is the criterion of truth and falsehood? Although ideas are the determined products of an external situation, some, he maintains, have a higher truth value than others. Having high truth value is a property of what Mr. Hawton calls "reality thinking"; having low truth value, a property of "fantasy thinking"; all religious thinking is "fantasy thinking." How, then, one wants to know, is one to tell whether thinking is "reality" or "fantasy." Mr. Hawton's answer is "by reference to its consequences." Thought, Mr. Hawton insists, is for the purposes of action; "men acted before they thought"; therefore, what matters about thoughts is not so much whether they are true, as whether they further successful action. Presently, it appears that "furthering successful action" is the *meaning* of truth. There are three comments to make on this. First, does Mr. Hawton wish us to regard his own thesis as "true" in this sense? If he does, we must conclude that its truth is dependent on the success of a Marxist revolution or on its success in promoting such a revolution. We must conclude further that the view that ideas reflect instead of producing events, while true in a Marxist country, that is to say, in one in which the effects of adopting it lead, or have led, to successful action, is untrue in a Fascist one in which Marxism has been crushed by a counter revolution, and Mr. Hawton together with other Marxists has been consigned to concentration camps. I draw this conclusion because I doubt whether the tendency of a set of ideas to cause its exponents to end in a concentration camp can be regarded as a reasonable definition of "leading to successful action."

The absurdity of this conclusion suggests that Mr. Hawton has another criterion of "reality thinking," that is to say, the old-fashioned criterion of being in conformity with facts, and that it is in this sense that he believes his own thesis to be true. But if the mind can freely survey the facts and freely reach the conclusions which conform with them, then its ideas are not *always* determined by social structure, but are sometimes the result of its own free thinking.

Thirdly, many kings, dictators, emperors and other eminent persons have sincerely believed in the gods. Mr. Hawton agrees that they have so believed. It is, he says, "by the consciousness of so-called thinkers" that ideological conclusions about religion have been reached, albeit by what he calls a "false consciousness," the real origin of these beliefs being found in the unconscious wishes to which they minister. It follows that the views of kings, dictators, emperors and so on about gods have been "fantasy-thinking," the products of a "false consciousness," and, therefore, untrue. Yet it is hard to believe that the consequences of adopting them have not in the past been highly successful; indeed, the belief in the existence of God is even to-day liable to win the approval of eminent persons and to be a passport to earthly success. According to Mr. Hawton's criterion of truth, religious beliefs ought, then, to be true.

Mr. Hawton lands himself in these difficulties by the sweeping nature of his statements. Acknowledging in theory that ideology can also react upon social structure, in practice he forgets this and emphasises only the "subterranean material facts" that have controlled the direction of human development. Now it is perfectly possible to admit the great part which social factors play in determining our ideas, and to concede that for various reasons historians have combined to overlook it, without concluding either that *all* thinking is so determined or that all thinking which is so determined is wishful thinking. The truth is, of course, that the interlocking of ideas and reality is enormously more complicated than Mr. Hawton's thesis allows. Men's thoughts are neither always the puppets nor the architects of events, and great men are the mouthpieces of movements which only *they* have made inevitable.

C. E. M. JOAD

THE DARK LANDS

Occupied Territory. By POLLY PEABODY. *Cresset Press.* 8s. 6d.

From Warsaw to La Rochelle, from the North Cape to Matapan, Europe has become a territory as impenetrable and mysterious as old Thibet. Not since the Dark Ages has so little been known here of contemporary events upon the banks of the Danube, the Rhine and the Seine. In the last war, as in all preceding wars, there was considerable coming and going between the hostile countries. But to-day a traveller who emerges from the shrouded continent excites no less curiosity than did in the eighteenth century an explorer upon his return from Abyssinia or the Pacific. Miss Polly Peabody, like a Bougainville or a Bruce, brings us stories of the anthropophagi: she has been in cities so remote and unimaginable as Venice and Brest; and her narrative is no less lively than it is encouraging.

In April of last year she arrived in Norway on the staff of a Field Hospital intended for use in Finland. She had reached Stockholm when the Germans invaded Norway; and the arrival of the Allied Expeditionary Force impelled her unit to turn back to join the Allied lines. In the Namsos valley she enjoyed her first bombing, and saw the nurses of her hospital machine-gunned by German airmen. When the Allies withdrew, she escaped just in time to Sweden, and decided to go to France, which had been her principal home. (She is an American citizen.) The journey took her first to Russia, where she was dismayed by the dirt and untidiness: like most visitors, she unfairly took her standards of comparison from Western cities, such as Stockholm and Helsingfors, instead of from Benares or Pekin. Then came Bucharest, packed with German "tourists." (Why, one wonders, since we English were the most constant travellers in Europe before the war, do Germans now tour so much more in neutral countries than we do? Is it too late to affiliate Thomas Cook's to the War Office?). Next came Venice, the only foreigners there beside herself being the usual Teutons; Geneva, and Vichy.

Miss Peabody gives a fascinating account of the spa for the senile and bilious that has become with so sad a symbolism the capital of France: the crowd so great that the Air Ministry shares a building with a hospital, the smell of ether mingling with the click of typewriters.

> A great friend of mine worked in the Intelligence Department, whose headquarters was situated in the Public Bath Establishment—a large building, a sort of health Mecca to which people came in pilgrimage from all points of the globe. When I called on him one day . . . I found him sitting under the shower of a small white-tiled bathroom. Before him there was a desk littered with papers; two telephones rested on the bidet; his military coat hung on a peg beside a white sponge towel. . . On the door of this unusual office, in gold letters were printed the words—*Bains de siège pour dames.*

Pétain she met and found his appearance remarkably well preserved. But he was surrounded by a clique that kept the facts from him. From Vichy she enterprisingly penetrated to Paris, where all the collaborators including Pétain were generally despised. She has a hundred good stories of French resistance.

> No amount of threats or fines could stop the French from scribbling sarcastic comments on the walls of Paris, of making swimming motions, and gurgling noises, and expressing their unquestionable and intense dislike as obviously as possible. The Germans, whose mentality is much the same as Chicago racketeers'—who weep sentimentally over a photograph of their Mama and ten minutes later mow down half a dozen citizens in cold blood—truly suffer from their unpopularity.

The ingenious baiting of the Germans, she points out, also brings hope and confidence to the French. From Paris Miss Peabody got to Brittany, whence she hoped to smuggle herself to England. This she did not manage, but her account of the magnificent spirit of the Bretons confirms all I have heard from the lips of those who have escaped. She was staying with her old nurse.

> On the first night of my visit, we had just finished eating dinner, when suddenly hell broke loose. At least fifteen A.A. guns went into action and their fire made the panes rattle. I listened to the roar of the planes and through the din heard bits of shrapnel falling on the roof. There were sporadic silences followed by terrific explosions. My nurse and her husband and children jumped to their feet. We hastily extinguished the lights and lit a candle. "Hooray! Hooray! for the Royal Air Force," they cried. "Go on! Hit them hard! Bomb them to blazes!" The youngest boy grabbed a frying pan and a spoon and went sailing round the kitchen table, beating it like a drum. . . . "they can come and destroy our houses, we will build them again. What matters is our freedom," said my nurse. And there amidst the thundering noise of the bombardment, we stood around the kitchen table and sang *La Marseillaise* and *God Save the King.*

THE WORLD OF THE FUTURE

■ The mechanical terrors of this war are so widespread that one is tempted to believe that Science has given itself completely to the service of destruction.

But if we think again, we find that even in this concentration on destruction there is much that will live to benefit mankind when this war is over.

The brains, the time and money now devoted to making the bomber a fearful and grim instrument of terror, will serve to improve the safety and speed of the air liners of the future travelling on their voyages of peace and mercy.

The inventiveness which has improved the tank will help to make for better tractors and motor cars. The constant research in wireless, now so speeded up by war's necessities, makes us conscious that Science has, so far, presented us with only a very rough sketch of the possibilities of radio. The finished picture — radio and television co-operating — will be a colourful masterpiece, bringing education and entertainment far beyond the realms of our imagination.

The new knowledge which doctors are now acquiring in healing and mending the wounds of war will help to relieve the pain and suffering of generations to come: and the suffering endured now with such fortitude will be an inspiration to those who come after.

When we think of the evil forces which are challenging our race, we can reflect with pride on the united effort we are making for victory. Then out of this spurred effort will also come a great impetus to scientific progress after the war — an impetus which will give to a Britain at peace, better health, better homes, a better standard of living and a happier life for all.

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THE BODLEY HEAD

She returned to Paris, much elated by Brittany. Her own spirit was always terrific; she told any Germans she met just what she thought of them, and in Milan at a film of the British at Dunkirk, when the audience hissed, she noisily applauded.

Her book is packed with graphic details—French refugees from the North seeing the Midi for the first time, and crying "After all, how beautiful is France!"; French soldiers refusing to salute their officers, who, they thought had let them down; a French tart smacking the face of a German Officer who treated her roughly in a night club; a French family tuning in to the B.B.C. French programme, and telling the German soldiers in the room that they were listening to Boston. Among the French she found bribery was dead: her tips to those who helped her were always refused. "The people sought to assist each other through the hardships of the winter, and never had I seen such sincere co-operation and generosity among them. It was a new and clean spirit." On the other hand the corruptibility of the invaders was notorious, and had effectively destroyed any favourable impression made at first by their discipline.

Miss Peabody came out of the dark lands through Lisbon, of which she gives a macabre account—the refugees unable to get a passage and at the end of their resources, rushing to the gaming tables in the wild hope of winning the wherewithal to live. Portugal, again, was bristling with Germans of both sexes. The book ends with London and the air-raids.

Sometimes it betrays prejudices due doubtless to Miss Peabody's aristocratic background. She blames Daladier for giving high military commands to Socialists—as if she thought defeatism and incompetency were unknown among reactionaries. She seems to disapprove of the hospitality extended to this country to Negrin—as if she thought that his political enemies were friendly to our country or her own. At the same time she found Suñer as deeply loathed in Spain as Laval in France. But her book strikes me as on the whole an unbiased account of things seen, an account that is at once tragic and tonic.

RAYMOND MORTIMER

HERBS

Herbs for Daily Use. By MARY THORNE QUELCH. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

The subject of herbs, though it surely deserves severely technical treatment, is liable to attract to itself a regrettable miasma of sentimentality and old-world hocus-pocus. Perhaps because she takes for her starting-point the history of the old herbalists and is interested in old rustic traditions, Mrs. Quelch's practical information is not made to stand out clearly enough from the superstitions of the past, and one is left wondering what she expects one to believe and what she does not. Her main concern is with the medicinal uses of herbs. One is told how to prepare the various decoctions and what is supposed to be the effect of them, but she does not adequately distinguish those which work from those which obviously do not—such as "carrying a horse chestnut in a little bag next the skin," which "will cure backache, constipation and piles—but only if so be as the bag ain't made of silk, lady," according to a tiresome old gipsy whose remarks sprinkle the book.

Most people would shrink from trying a home-made aperient of buckthorn berries ("which are so drastic they are seldom used now even in veterinary practice") or slimming by means of taking bladderwrack, a seaweed which is "unfortunately particularly slimy and unpleasant, so that few people can face using it." There are, however, many useful and simple brews, such as mint tea, elderberry-juice and tilleul, whose value is well established, and it might be worth trying St. John's wort tea for bed-wetting in children, instead of the alternative cure of several years psycho-analysis.

If one had more confidence in Mrs. Quelch's accuracy it would be interesting to learn that rats object to catmint as much as cats like it and will refuse to pass a barrier of it, however hungry they are; that sloe juice will do instead of marking ink; that sprigs of tansy under the mattress will keep away bugs; that violet flowers make a delicious salad; that the Roman nettle is only found near ancient encampments and was actually sown by the Romans, who believed its seeds were a cure for the horrible effects of our climate; that sunflowers planted against the walls will remove damp from a house, and that "dull or backward children will brighten considerably if fed largely on asparagus."

The culinary section of *Herbs for Daily Use* is very inadequate. Mrs. Quelch is much more interested in what is good for you than in what is good. There are recipes for nettle "spinach," nettle pudding, nettle beer and even thistle salad—yet there is no account whatever of the uses in cooking of tarragon, basil, chives, sage or chervil, nothing on the flavouring of cheeses or soufflées with herbs, practically nothing on their use in sauces and stews. Herb pancake is there, herb pudding and cottage soup, but the most delicious-sounding recipe of all is frumity, which is made from grains of wheat cooked all day in a stone jar full of milk. The grains swell and absorb the milk, and it is eaten hot with more milk, honey and raisins, and if possible a lacing of rum.

FRANCES BIRD

WARLOCKS

Magic and Divination. By RUPERT GLEADOW. *Faber.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

What a grotesque procession they are, these Magicians and Diviners! Alexander of Abonoteichos who, serenely disregarding his own false prophecies and the bitter squibs of the satirist Lucian, won fortune by his sorceries, and lived to see a temple built in his honour and the Imperial coinage graced with the image of his man-headed serpent; Nicholas Famel, who discovered the elixir of immortality, had a wooden dummy buried in his coffin and is still living to this day; Michael Scot, who translated Averroes, made a mystic aphrodisiac of rhubarb, absinthe and hepatic aloes, and attained such fame as a magician that Dante put him in the eighth circle of the Inferno and posterity adopted his Moorish gown and conical red hat as the traditional uniform of sorcery; the brilliant and unhappy Dr. Dee, who gave Europe its first public lecture on Euclid, had Elizabeth to dinner on an income of £80 a year (a miracle in itself, this), but wasted his substance on alchemy, and died in obscurity betrayed by friends and familiars alike; Count Cagliostro, who "affected strange ways in order to impress the vulgar. He slept in an armchair and ate nothing but cheese," healed thousands, made duchesses swoon as he pierced them with his burning eyes, and tried to found a new universal religion. These were the princes of magic: behind them are the shabby multitudes of unsuccessful amateurs, with their fantastic conjurations, moulting Familiars, and perpetual money troubles; endlessly hounded by the law, the devil and their own inflated ambitions. Many of the sorcerers, of course, were really philosophers *manqués*. Others were scientists misunderstood—it is significant that Almuchabala, Michael Scot's famous demon, is really an Arabic word for "Algebra"—but most were in intention what the world believed them in fact: perverse, unhappy creatures who sought supernatural aid to gratify very earthy desires. Unfitted, for one reason or another, to prosper

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HAMISH HAMILTON

in the society of their time, they found themselves between the devil and the deep. Not unnaturally they chose the devil.

Any book on such a subject is almost sure to be entertaining, and *Magic and Divination* is no exception. As a Member of the General Astrological Council of England, Mr. Gleadow has, so to speak, a vested interest in divination; and his attempt to hold a balance between, as he rather tendentiously puts it, credulity and scepticism, has a certain affinity to the public speaker's traditional endeavour to walk the narrow path between partiality and impartiality. Although the author, unlike Dr. Summers, does not evince a whole-hearted belief in his subject, he makes it pretty clear that his professed agnosticism springs rather from tact than from conviction; and though he ridicules the practice of many of his subjects, he appears to accept some of their major premises. If few people nowadays consciously believe in magic, popular science having largely taken its place, divination is quite another matter, and in the forms of astrology, palmistry and spiritualism it must command as many devotees as it has ever done. Yet consider the persistence of its failures! Nostradamus is usually called in favour of the believers, yet the best he can show are such prognostications as:

> Liberty shall not be recovered, it will be seized by one dark, proud, low-born, unjust; when the fleet shall be prepared, the republic of Venice (? Mussolini) and Hister (? Hitler) will be vexed.

or

> Those in the Isles long time besieged will take up strength against their enemies, those outside dead of hunger and defeated shall be put in greater hunger than ever.

His detailed prophecies, as for instance the famous: "The discourses of the Lake of Geneva will excite anger, sittings will be extended over weeks, then months, then years, then all shall prove useless, the magistrates shall condemn their ineffectual laws" can easily be applied to the Geneva of almost any century from that of Calvin to our own. The record of our current astrologers, particularly in regard to the outbreak of the present war, is too well known to need recapitulation.

Superstitions are commonly justified by the citation of eminent believers in them; and Mr. Gleadow seems to defend magic by the quality of many of its practitioners. It is true that Doctor Dee, Roger Bacon and other men of the greatest talents believed in and practised magic. But then Napier, who invented logarithms, spent much of his time in the literal interpretation of the book of Revelation; Newton was almost a Fundamentalist; and the able and courageous men who lead us to-day seem to dread the magical potency of the *Internationale*. One could almost believe that man has a total sum of sense which cannot be exceeded, so that excess of intelligence in one sphere means deficiency in all the others.

Magic and Divination has neither the scope, the erudition, nor the originality to be an important contribution to its subject, but contains within its loose framework of discursive, brief biographies, a good deal of curious anecdotage, and indicates many inviting by-paths it does not itself pursue. With the future of magic the author does not concern himself, but it is worth noticing that it has always flourished in unstable and uncomfortable societies, and in times of great popular stress. Magic is the easiest way to practical wish-fulfilment, offering a spectacular escape, a pantomime trap-door out of intolerable situations. Is it much to wonder, then, that so many people nowadays still attempt to believe in it?

JOHN MAIR

HOW TO WIN?

Total Victory. By STEPHEN KING-HALL. *Faber, 7s. 6d.*

Commander King-Hall could not write a dull book if he tried. He describes this one as an agenda for discussion with annotations, and if the present reviewer, taking him at his word, stresses points of difference rather than of agreement, it is because space will not permit of doing both. Nevertheless, the book remains a valuable and provocative contribution to a vital subject and deserves to be both studied carefully and thought about.

In Total War, says the author, Total Victory will only be won when the enemy willingly accepts and co-operates in the peace settlement, abandoning all attempts to reverse it. Therefore the decisive point against which force must be concentrated is the enemy's brain. When we have planned a series of physical and psychological operations "designed to implant . . . our point of view firmly and convincingly in the minds of a substantial and decisive number of Germans . . . we shall have that total war and peace strategy which at present we lack." This shows a proper grasp of the problem that confronts us in this war.

Having assumed that ten units of total war pressure are needed to defeat Germany, Commander King-Hall is not prepared to allow that military action—using military in its widest sense—is capable of producing more than seven. This leaves a vital three to be provided of necessity by political warfare. He is entitled to his guess. What matters is the stress laid on the need to develop this form of warfare to the utmost. German public opinion, in the last resort the foundation of Nazi power, has been "terrorised, hypnotised and deluded into a solid block of unreasoning and idolatrous humanity. It is our business in the Battle of Brains to disintegrate this lump, to unfreeze the glacier into a living and active stream of critical thought. In order to do this we must supply the Germans with an *Agenda for Controversy*." The appeal is thus primarily to reason, and this is where the author leads himself astray. He overlooks the fact that the Germany of to-day will only accept defeat when life becomes sufficiently intolerable as to make the alternative offered seem less unattractive. There will be no awakened idealism about it.

In a chapter devoted to recording official statements of British peace aims, we are shown that these do not take us far. The reason was given by the Prime Minister himself on March 28th in words which are quoted: "The moment you leave the area of pious platitude you will descend into the area of heated controversy, and that would militate against the efforts which we are making . . ." Therefore the danger that political strife will destroy national unity, once peace aims are seriously considered, is stultifying us in the vital field of political warfare. The result, as Commander King-Hall shows in the succeeding chapter, is that Hitler gets away with his New Order to an extent that would be impossible if we were able to match it with practical proposals.

Two chapters follow which refer to the Napoleonic and 1914–18 wars. The object is to sound a warning note against a peace settlement influenced by the passions of the moment. But as the Atlantic Charter shows, it is now fully realised that a prosperous world, which is our aim, connotes a prosperous Germany; and one wonders, therefore, whether the people of this country would not be willing at once to re-admit a Germany cleansed of the Nazis into the comity of nations, conditional only on adequate safeguards, political and military, being provided. But they must be adequate. It is here that many people will part company with Commander King-Hall, for he seems to envisage a Germany which, having shed Hitlerism, could then be trusted to enter a system of European co-operation with good faith. But what we now know to our cost of the German people gives no justification for this assumption and, with endless embryo Hitlers at large in post-war Germany, it will in future be less valid than ever.

Holding to the view that we may not be able to win by military means alone, Commander King-Hall proposes a message being sent by the British and American Governments to the German people. It would be designed to appeal to at least a section of the German people and cause grave apprehension in the minds of the Nazis. It consists of twelve points which cannot be discussed in detail. In a general way it amounts to telling the Germans that they cannot defeat us and had therefore better come to terms. They must recall all Reich forces from occupied territories, after which an armistice will be possible; otherwise the war will continue with increasing violence. Danzig,

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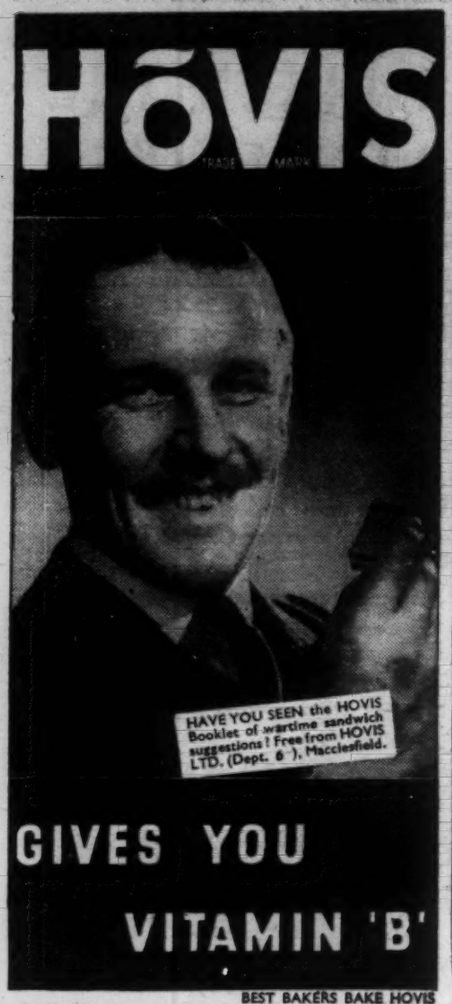
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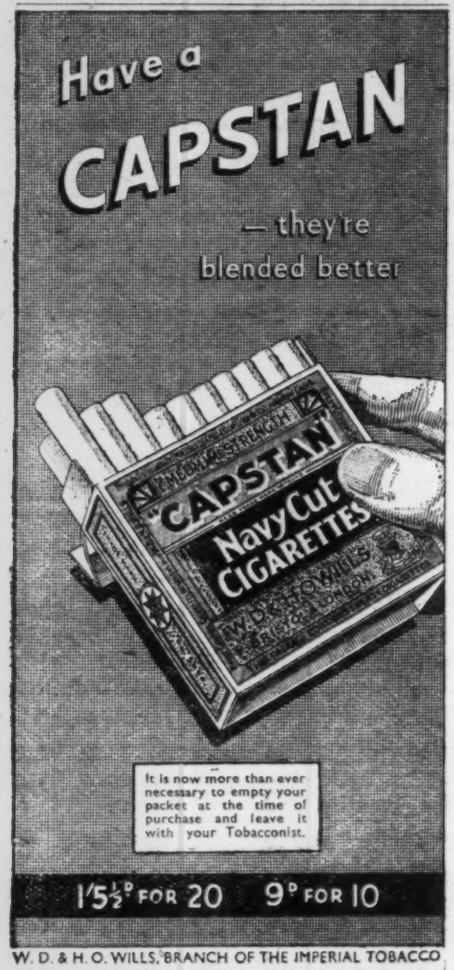
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the Corridor and the Sudetenlands will then be the subject of peaceful negotiations. It is not expected that the Nazis will agree to these terms, the idea is to make them the means to bring about their overthrow. But the argument is too subtle. Surely what we must tell the Germans is that our attacks will be continuously intensified until they decide to overthrow the Nazis and ask for terms. These will then include the military occupation of Germany; her disarmament; immediate relief measures; a period of military safeguards lasting perhaps 30 years—but meanwhile complete economic collaboration on equal terms.

As to the New World Order which Commander King-Hall envisages, the present reviewer has to confess himself disappointed. It is not to be announced until the armistice, whereas it should constitute the spearhead of our political offensive. The proposals cover a dual field—the domestic (largely irrelevant to Total Victory) and the international—but fail to touch the most vital problem of all—the economic system that is to prevail. We are told that the National Government should continue, but the fact is overlooked that this will only be possible after the next General Election if there has been due and practical regard by all constituent parties for economic realities. Is the capitalist systems to be furbished up again, after its lamentable failure throughout the inter-war period either to distribute the wealth that could be created, or to solve the problem of unemployment? And if not what is to be put in its place? Unless this problem is tackled, and in time, there will be no democratic New World Order, but only the Old World Disorder—now become chaos.

CLIVE GARSIA

Horizon. August. 1s. 6d.

The new *Horizon* has a red cover, and includes a rather disquieting message from Alexei Tolstoy in Moscow, who declares with Nevillian optimism that the German Army is quickly falling into a state of panic. The editor writes well of Frazer, and with extreme enthusiasm of Miss Weston's *From Ritual to Romance*. Stephen Spender has a very beautiful poem, which contains in the last stanza a "not" that appears to make nonsense. Martin Turnell in a very long article on Baudelaire mingles acuteness and silliness most perplexingly. Peter Watson is succinct and informative about Miro, Orwell is at the top of his form in a trenchant criticism of Wells. Edwin Muir's review of the latest Auden is charitable and admirably intellectual. Edward Neil is rosy about a holiday in Russia; Augustus John in a further section of his autobiography again proves that he writes as well as he has ever painted.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No.3 in D.* National Symphony Orchestra of America, cond. Hans Kindler (H.M.V. DB5837–41).

MENDELSSOHN: *Scherzo* (from Strong Octet) and

WAGNER: *Lohengrin*, Prelude to Act 3. Boston Promenade Orch., cond. Fiedler (H.M.V. C3234).

DVOŘÁK: "*Dumky*" *Trio in E minor*, op. 90. Louis Kentner, Henry Holst and Anthony Pini (Col. DX1017–20).

DVOŘÁK: *Terzetto for Two Violins and Viola*, op. 74. Frederick Grinke, David Martin, Watson Forbes (Decca K981–3).

DVOŘÁK: *String Quartet in G*, op. 106. Isolde Menges Quartet (Decca K1000–4).

MOZART: *Sonata in F, for Violin and Piano* (K.377). Adolf Busch and Rudolf Serkin (H.M.V. DB3373–4).

RACHMANINOFF: *Preludes in F major and F minor*, op. 32, Nos. 7 and 6, and

RACHMANINOFF: *Melodie*, op. 3, No. 3. Rachmaninoff (H.M.V. DA1787).

BRAHMS: *Capriccio in B minor*, op. 76, No. 2, and

BRAHMS: *Intermezzo in A flat*, op. 76, No. 3. Myra Hess (H.M.V. B9189).

BACH: "My Heart ever Faithful," from Cantata No 68, and

HANDEL: "Art Thou Troubled," from *Rodelinda*. Isobel Baillie, with City of Birmingham Orch., cond. Basil Cameron (H.M.V. DX1022).

I WONDER if many people will be grateful for the re-issue, at this moment, of Tchaikovsky's long and expensive Third Symphony. It is a most unequal work and, for my part, I doubt very much whether more than one of its movements (the Andante elegiaco) is worth reviving, except perhaps at festivals. Disastrously influenced by Schumann, whose own symphonies are, after Cesar Franck's one effort, the worst possible models, this early attempt by a composer who never excelled in construction on a large scale, shows all the vices incident to the harnessing of a lyrical-dramatic genius to the creaking juggernaut of the romantic symphony. The result is not truly organic and had better have been called a *Suite*, a course which would have had the further advantage of allowing conductors with a sensitive conscience to perform isolated movements, as is usually done, for instance, in the case of the Theme and Variations from the Suite in G. For the first and last movements, and the Scherzo, of this "symphony" are really very dull and conventional; "made" music in which one sees all too clearly whither each sequence is going to lead—a prime source of tedium in music. The Alla Tedesca, on the other hand, has considerable charm, and the Andante all the hysterical tenderness and sense of foreboding of Tchaikovsky's later and most characteristic work. The latter movement is worth purchasing separately. As for the tub-thumping Polonaise Finale, its nullity merely provides Sir August Manns (who evidently suffered from the Victorian mania for dubbing other people's music with titles fetched no matter how far) with his excuse for calling this a "Polish" symphony. Both the orchestra and conductor provided for this issue are new to me; they seem a highly competent, even brilliant, team; but the recording, although less all-overish than some recent American examples, is abominably harsh; distortion is continuous and unavoidable, for which reason alone I prefer the old recording.

Mendelssohn's exquisite neatness is perhaps nowhere so well displayed as in his Scherzos. That from the Octet, orchestrated (I rather think) by the composer himself, was issued recently in a recording by the Philadelphia Orchestra; the new disk seems to me even better, both in performance and recording, for the detail is quite wonderfully realised. But I cannot see the sense in forcibly marrying this airy piece of magic to *Lohengrin*: the result will surely be to halve the selling value of the disk, since those who are attracted by the first will probably be indifferent, at least, to the second. The Prelude to Act I may well be thought one of the most beautiful pieces of music ever written, but the Prelude to Act II merely reminds us that this is Hitler's favourite opera.

"The cry is still: They come!" But as long as "they" are the creatures of Dvořák, we shall not complain. The *Dumky Trio* is, I am tempted to think, one of the composer's most personal works. The form consists in a series of rhapsodic movements, each one of which is again composed of two contrasted sections—the one Lento espressivo, the other Vivace con fuoco: an experimental scheme highly interesting in itself, though perhaps not wholly successful in creating an organic impression. The effect is something of the same kind as that produced by a picaresque novel. The quick passages are rather trivial in comparison with the slow, declamatory episodes, which derive from Liszt and are as beautifully

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expressive as a dancer's gestures. The whole work would, indeed, make a remarkably suitable accompaniment to some kind of dance-pantomime. In the material one perceives some of the romantic, elegiac emotion that went to create the great Cello Concerto. Elsewhere the spirit of Schubert is in evidence—always a beneficent influence on composers, except in the matter of form, where nobody would think of imitating him. Here, then, is a work of which listeners will, I think, tire less quickly than of some more perfect wholes, particularly as the interpretation and recording are practically faultless, giving full value to the wonderful effects of pure sound in which this Trio abounds.

I am glad to be able to speak no less highly of the rendering of the Terzetto, for this is the kind of work which depends for its effect on a first-rate performance. The technique of writing for such an ensemble is exceedingly difficult, if the resulting texture is not to sound thin and "unsupported." Dvořák did not perhaps succeed with quite the completeness that attends Mozart's Duos, but at all events he produced a work which is more than either a mere exercise or a miniature; for this is a full-scale sonata, with a particularly fine Larghetto—a richly peaceful movement recalling Beethoven's middle period.

The G major Quartet is always numbered among Dvořák's finest chamber works. Personally I feel this is unfair to the others, and particularly to the A flat Quartet which immediately preceded it, and which has for some time been available in a fine recording (H.M.V.). The present very flowery work depends for its interest on the themes, which will not on the whole stand the strain imposed on them; and the "prose" passages strike me as mechanical. I daresay the impression of effortful inadequacy would be less if the performance were better; the violin department, the Menges Quartet, is not the best furnished, and their playing in loud passages shows insufficient care for the peculiarities of gramophonic reproduction, which results in a performance that is scratchy in every sense of the word and effectually spoils one's pleasure in the music. These records are far below the standard set by all the other recent Decca issues of chamber music by Dvořák.

It is a relief to remove such discs from the turntable and to substitute those of Busch and Serkin, whose playing, though distinguished by beauty of phrasing rather than of tone, always strikes one as rehearsed up to the hilt. Such ensembles are very rare, and when they are put at the service of anything as thoroughly lovely as this sonata, the outcome imposes itself as something definitive. This is one of the most consistently inspired of Mozart's Violin Sonatas; the variations which form the centre-piece are among his most lyrical and conclude with a piece of spontaneity that yields nothing to Schubert in the same vein; and the Finale is as interesting as the first movement.

Rachmaninoff would appear to be working gradually through his less known pieces. This is a good idea, for the pianist's marvellous delicacy of phrasing and brilliant ease of manner make worth while music that is, even for Rachmaninoff, of second-rate interest. The *Mélodie* was always too sugary to be worth revising, and the Prelude in F minor is a mere display of empty pianism. That in F major, however, has something to say and says it simply. It is interesting to compare the recording of these pieces with that of the Brahms. Rachmaninoff's playing, as nearly always, is glassily luminous and seems to come from the enhanced distance of a stage; Miss Hess, on the other hand, brings a mellow-toned piano right up to one's elbow and plays with a delicate intimacy that is perhaps less "effective," but rather more appealing, and in any case better suited to the Brahms pieces. The Capriccio is witty, as this composer so seldom is, and the Intermezzo hands a simple melody to and fro with a complex figuration that is wholly pianistic. Both examples are perfect in their kind.

Miss Isobel Baillie is a soprano whose voice is unemotional and free from any tendency to scoop and slur; advantages that can hardly be over-estimated where Bach and Handel are in question. I enjoyed these dignified arias, which are tastefully accompanied.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

Week-end Competitions

No. 604

Set by Raymond Mortimer

A first prize of two guineas and a second prize of half a guinea are offered for the best English versions of the following poem. The sonnet-form need not be retained, and entries will be judged upon their merit as English poems rather than upon their literal closeness to the original.

LE NAUFRAGÉ

Avec la brise en poupe et par un ciel serein,
Voyant le Phare fuir à travers la mâture,
Il est parti d'Égypte au lever de l'Arcture,
Fier de sa nef rapide aux flancs doublés d'airain.

Il ne reverra plus le môle Alexandrin.
Dans le sable où pas même un chevreau ne pâture
La tempête a creusé sa triste sépulture;
Le vent du large y tord quelque arbuste marin.

Au pli le plus profond de la mouvante dune,
En la nuit sans aurore et sans astre et sans lune,
Que le navigateur trouve enfin le repos.

O Terre, ô Mer, pitié pour son Ombre anxieuse!
Et sur la rive hellène où sont venus ses os,
Soyez-lui, toi, légère, et toi, silencieuse.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Monday, September 8th.

2. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 601

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes (two guineas and half a guinea) for the best list of ten words from this war's slang. Words of earlier use, though not barred, are discouraged. Any etymological comment will be welcome.

Report by G. W. Stonier

One or two competitors who included *blitz* protested against the overuse of that word. But slang *is* an overuse and abuse of words, and if one's going to be nice it is better to shun Partridge and keep to Oxford. *Blitz* was coined in a hurry when everyone wanted a new monosyllable; it was expressive, formidable and yet capable of acquiring a degree of friendliness (rhyming here with *Fritz*); as such it was, and is, a good word. To be "blitzed out" seems to me stronger than "bombed out," and I rather like W. C. Eyre Hartley's "a solid lump of blitz" for a large formation of enemy aircraft. Of course, I can see, too, that this is the sort of thing to write to the *Times* about.

On the whole, I think this war's slang is better than we had last time, because we have learnt since, from America, some lively short-cutting in speech. Newspapers, for example, are on the look out for good new words. *Clopons*, *quisling*, *paratroops*, *chatterbug* were all, I think, invented and given currency by journalists; *black market* is not new, but let's hope, deterrent; *sitzkrieg* and *glidatroops* are boss-shots which never got farther than Fleet Street. But most of the new words, of course, sprang up on aerodromes, in out-of-the-way billets, in Tube shelters. The R.A.F. has been responsible for many new technical terms and for the most vivid labels of air warfare. Here, before coming to the prize-winners, is a composite list from the unsuccessful.

Glamour Boys—R.A.F., especially flying crews. *Tail Arse Charlie*—Gunner at tail of bomber. *Snuff Box*—Gas mask. *Sprog* (R.A.F.)—a tyro. *Vackie*—Evacuee. *Helter Skelter*—Shelter. *Battle Bowler*—Steel helmet. *Reggie*—Registered customer. *Not on your Nelly Duff*—Not likely. To *Pee-Hee*—To ingratiate yourself with superiors. To *Stop a Rocket*—Receive a reprimand. *Mona and Clara*—Alert and All-clear. *Mousetrap*—Indoor shelter, table type. *Gossage*—Barrage balloon (surname of Air Chief). *Love Truck*—Small covered-in lorry. *Pneumonia Wagon*—Open lorry without doors or hood. *Flannel*—To flatter. *Bull*—Discipline. *Bint*—Girl friend. *Wads*—Naafi rock buns. *Swaddie*—Soldier. *Wimpey*—Wellington bomber. *One Pipper*—Subaltern (derisive). *Pelican*—Non-flying officer with wings. *Armadillo*—Armoured lorry. *Clippy*—Bus conductress. *A.C. Plonk*—Lowest in the R.A.F., aircraftman 2nd class. *Flarepath*—Petrol lighter (R.A.F.). *The Blower*—Siren. *Guinea Pig*—Evacuated civil servant. *Confetti*—Ammunition. *Chatter Box*—Machine gun. *Roller Skates*—Tanks. *The Drink*—The sea. *Gongs*—Medals. *Go for a Burton*—Crash. *To Have Had It*—To miss something pleasant, e.g. leave.

For most of these no derivative is needed. W. C. Eyre Hartley, in an amusing list, sends in a fake derivation of *quisling* which may well be taken seriously by etymologists of the future. "*Quisling*—a traitor who co-operates with the enemies of his country in return for personal aggrandisement. Alleged to be derived from the name of a prominent Major Quisling in Norway, but probably from the Latin tag, 'Quis lingit?': who licks or fawns."

I recommend that the first prize go to "Towanbucket," and the second to "Schoolboy."

FIRST PRIZE

AMERICAN

Sidearms—Milk and sugar.
(To "pass the sidearms" is the new Army way of demanding the lesser adjuncts of the tea-table.)

Sugar Report—Letter from a sweetheart.
(A nice combination of ordinary slang, "sugar" for girl-friend, and officialese.)

Bounce Drill—Aircraft landing practice.
(This, as Mr. Michael Roberts might say, is obvious.)

Poodle Palace—C.O.'s Headquarters.
(Presumably this term is a sort of synonym for our own "curled darlings.")

BRITISH

Flak—A.A. barrage.
(From the German words "*Flug Abwehr Kanone*.")

Roller Skates—Tanks.
(Apt and obvious.)

Lavatories—Italian indiscriminate bombers.
(Who "pull the chain" without looking.)

Organise—To acquire illicitly.
(A new R.A.F. equivalent of the last-war word "win," meaning to "scrounge.")

GERMAN

Bolona—Bombenlöse Nacht!
(The grim and popular Berlin bedtime farewell greeting.)

S.O.S.—Schlaf ohne Sirenen!
(The conventional response to "Bolona!")

TOWANBUCKET

SECOND PRIZE

Mae West—Pneumatic life-jacket worn by airmen.
Chicago Piano—Multiple pom-pom gun.
Molotov Cocktail—Petrol bomb (anti-tank).
Blitz—Heavy air raid.
Egg—Bomb.
Salmon & Gluckstein—"Scharnhorst" and "Gneisenau."
The Corner House—Brest.
Gen—Information (R.A.F.).
Winkle Pin—Bayonet.
Flak—A.A. Fire.

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BY URBANUS

EXPORTS—DOMINIONS 4 PER CENT. LOANS—ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL AND BURMAH — HOME RAILWAYS

WHAT is happening to our export trade? In the operation of the Lease and Lend Act the Americans have, I understand, insisted that we should not import from them raw materials for turning into manufactures for export to markets which American exporters can supply. This must cut out a vast amount of our remaining export trade. No doubt the subject was discussed by the experts at the Atlantic meeting between Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill. It is high time that our exporters should know where they stand after all the violent chops and changes in our export policy which they have suffered since the war began. And the rentiers who hold industrial equity shares have a claim to know also. They have suffered the forced sale at knock-out prices of such valuable properties as the American subsidiary of Courtaulds in order to pay the American Treasury cash for all the orders placed before the Lease and Lend Act was passed—orders which cover the supply of aeroplanes and other munitions of war years ahead. It looks as if, having been forced out of their American investments to realise cash, our international trading companies will be prevented from earning anything in foreign markets in the future. And what is to happen to our concentration of industry at home if the nucleus firms, chosen specially for their export business, have now to lose that side of their trade? Happily, investors no longer try to value their equity holdings on current earnings and dividends; they are keeping them solely on the prospect of capital appreciation after the war.

If I am right in saying that the Treasury is not much further concerned in bringing down the rate of interest on Government loans below the present level of 3 to 3½ per cent.—in view of the fact that half the gross income is already taken in income tax—the same argument should apply to the Dominion Governments. It will be recalled that the Treasury decided to grant conversion facilities to Dominion Governments only in cases of callable stocks which bear interest at the rate of *more* than 4 per cent. This implies that conversion facilities will not be granted to the 4 per cent. Coupon loans. These loans should therefore have a currency for the rest of the war and perhaps for the full duration of the loan, if interest rates, as I anticipate, rise after the war when other borrowers besides the Government are in the market. On this argument, I would recommend investors to buy the 4 per cent. loans which, allowing for accrued interest in the price, stand at par: for example, South Australia 4 per cent. 1940/60, Tasmania 4 per cent. 1940/50, New Zealand 4 per cent. 1943/63, New South Wales 4 per cent. 1942/62, and Western Australia 4 per cent. 1942/62. All these can be bought at 100¼ to yield 4 per cent. and compare well with the lower coupon stocks such as New South Wales 3½ per cent. 1930/50 which stands at 99¾.

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I suppose it was inevitable that speculative investors would rush into the market to buy Anglo-Iranian oil shares when Russian and British troops entered Iran, but surely it is too early to say that Germany will give no further trouble to British interests in Iran. If the Nazis get bogged or frozen up in Russia, they can still try the Turkey road to Iraq, Iran and the Caucasus. Anglo-Iranian oil shares have jumped from about 33*s.* 9*d.* to nearly 40*s.*, and as they paid no dividend for 1940 (and only 5 per cent. for 1939 against 20 per cent. in previous years), I still favour my exchange into Burmah Oil £1 ordinary shares at the present price of 57*s.* to yield 5½ per cent. on last year's dividend of 15 per cent. Burmah Oil hold £5,343,000 stock of Anglo-Iranian and £1,200,000 stock of Shell Transport and Trading which last year paid a dividend of 5 per cent. tax free. If and when the income is restored on these holdings, Burmah Oil dividends will no doubt revert to their former level of 21 per cent. In the meantime the shares seem less exposed to Axis blasts than Anglo-Iranian.

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The boom in home railway stocks continues. The rumour went round the market this week that the new financial agreement would be announced this week-end and that the rental which the Government would pay to the railways would be £43,000,000 a year, which is roughly stage two of the old agreement. This follows the lines of the inspired statement in the *Times* to which I referred last week. If £43,000,000 is the rental figure, this would leave a larger balance available for dividends than the companies actually distributed for 1940, when they earned £42,300,000; nothing is impossible in railway negotiation. This is of interest to the ordinary stock holders and to London North Eastern second preference holders.

Stock	Guaranteed minimum* %	Stage 2* %	1940 div. %	Present price	Yield on 1940 div. %
G.W. Ord.	3·3	4·6	4	42	9·52
L.M.S. Ord.....	1·0	2·3	1½	16	9·37
L.N.E. 2nd Pf....	1.2	2·5	2	18½	10.8
Southern Def. ...	0.8	2·7	1¼	15	8.33

* Under old agreement.

I would advise investors to keep to the preference stocks which would be guaranteed their full dividends under the old minimum guarantee of £40,000,000.

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